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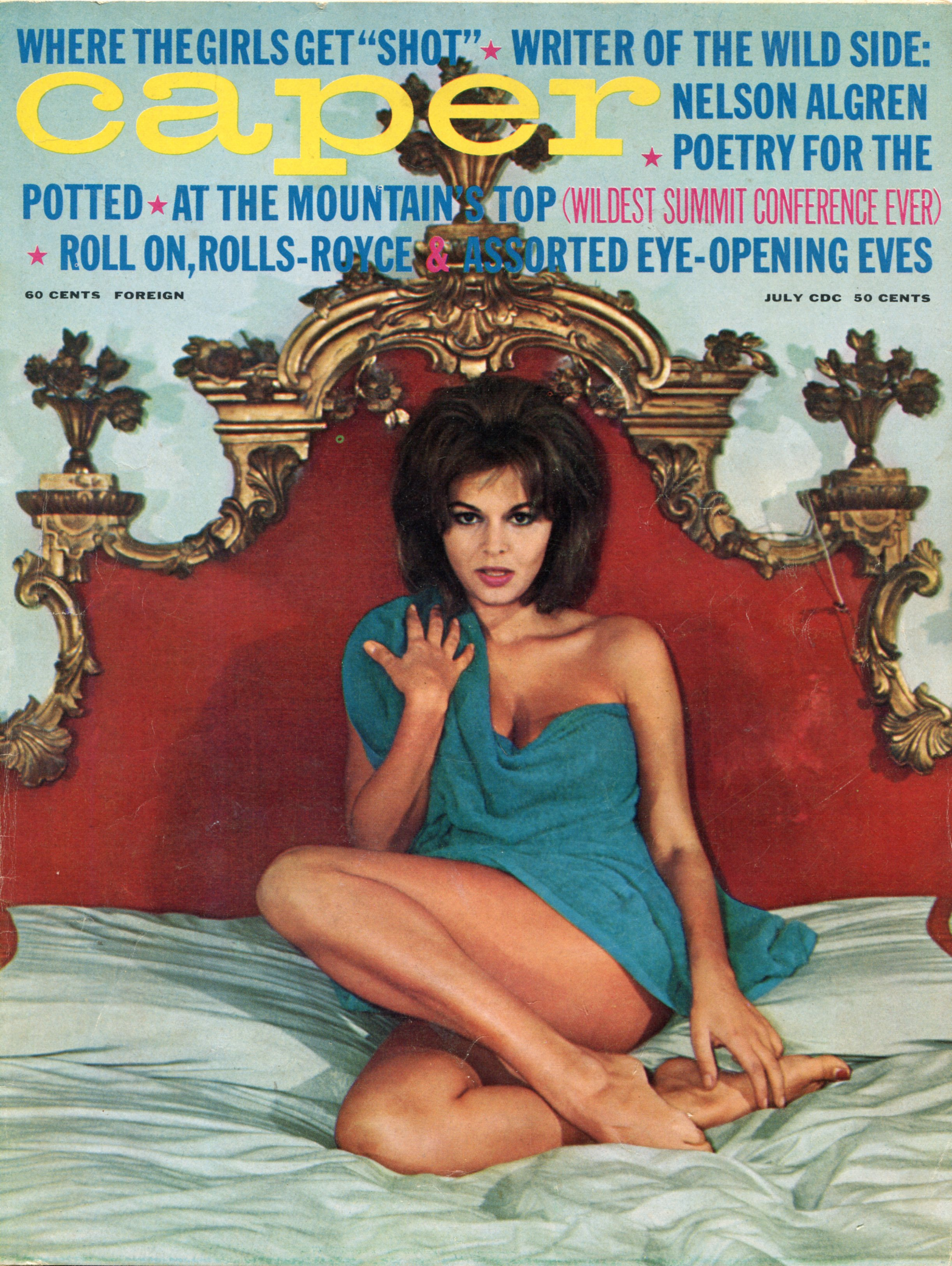
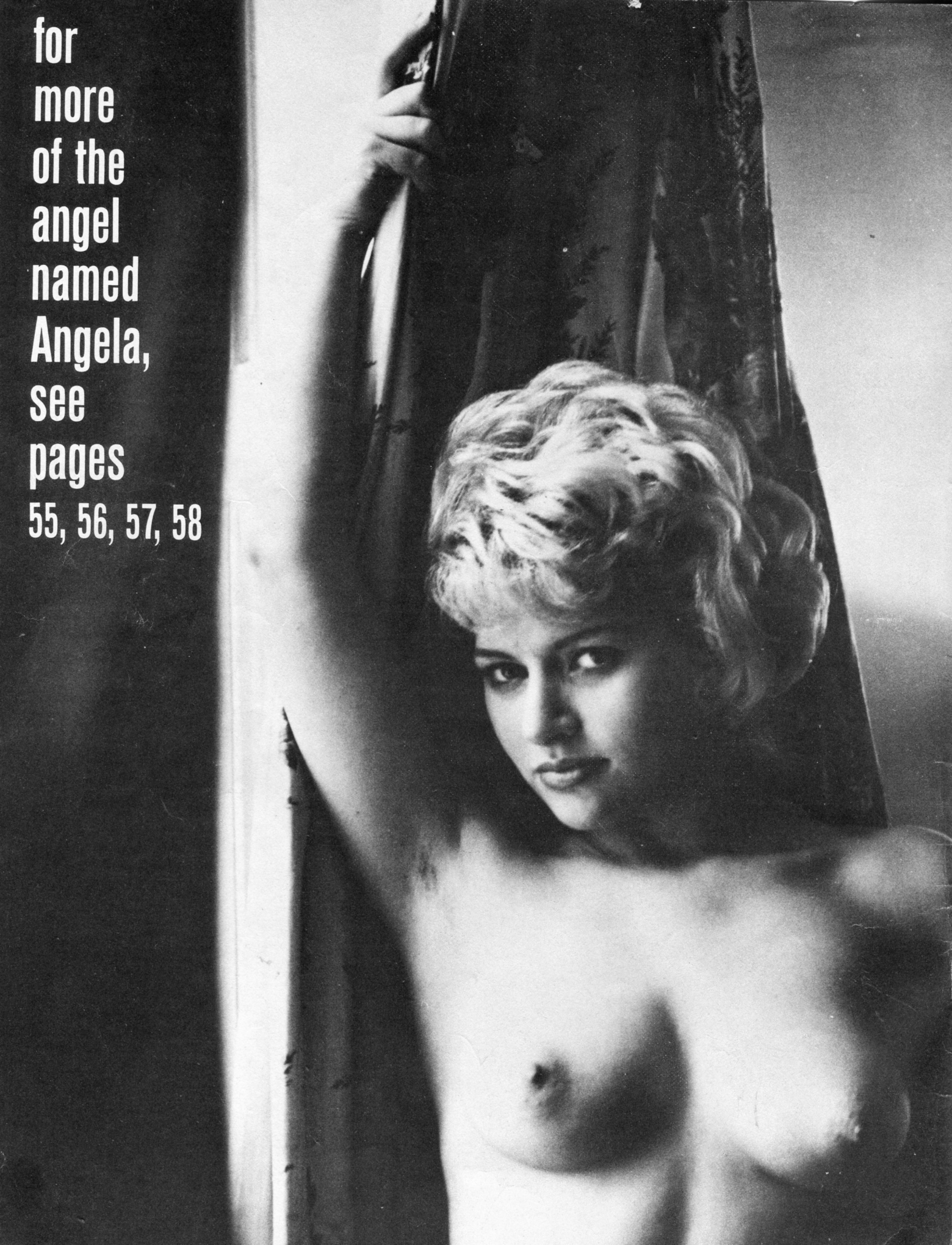
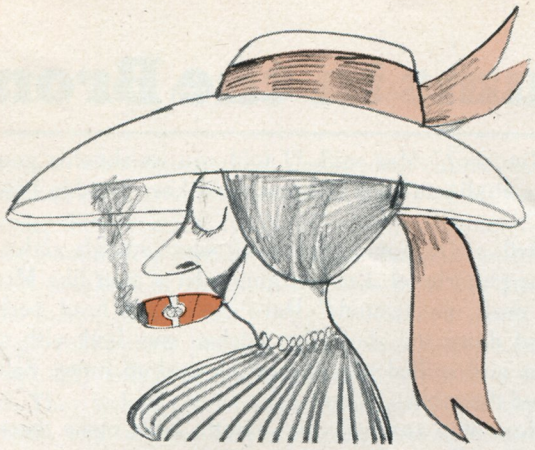
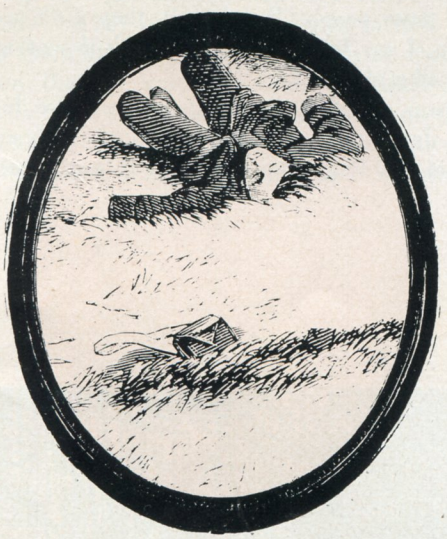




for more of the angel named Angela, see pages 55, 56, 57, 58





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July, 1963 *Vol. IX, No. 4*

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you can't play the drums in the Bronx

THEY were just beginning to wail on the drums when the pounding on the front door began. As soon as he heard it Dave knew it was Mrs. Parkness and he disgustedly tossed his bongos aside. She waddled furiously into the room, inflamed with self-righteous anger, her stubby hands flailing about as she screeched and howled about the hoodlums who disturbed the peace and quiet by playing on crazy beatnik drums which kept her Marsha up, her little Marsha who ran like a wild Indian all day and needed a good night's sleep so she could run like a wild Indian tomorrow.

Obviously it had been a long hot day for Mrs. Parkness, one filled with its usual frustration and discomfort, and undoubtedly it would have done her good to blow off a little longer, but tonight Dave wasn't having any of it. He came right back at her, yelled that her Marsha was nothing but a spoiled little bitch and brusquely prodded the round little woman right back out the door. Then he stomped into the kitchen, sputtering curses, and poured himself a big shot from the bottle of *Añejo* Maz had brought over.

"You see?" Maz said. "I told you we shoulda gone down to the studio to cook. I knew we'd have trouble here in the pad."

"Hell, we're gonna put down some sounds right here in the neighborhood. I'm not gonna let a goat like Mrs. Parkness push me around." Dave tossed his head back as he gulped down the shot. The kitchen was foul with cigarette smoke and spilled tequila and chewed-up limes. Salt grains littered the table.

"Man, stop runnin' your mouth. Let's make the scene in the Village."

"I ain't changing my mind for anything."

Maz scowled. "Look, I know you got a big thing against some of these people. But face it, they ain't gonna let you bug them. I say let's split and make it downtown where we can wail all night."

Dave was standing at the kitchen window looking down into the dark courtyard that separated, with a few feet of space, his building from the next. It was a vertical tunnel

Riders on Life's Carousel—two bongo men and a naked girl dancing by moonlight. BY WILL MANUS

raucous with television sounds: the strident canned laughter of a cornball comedy show, the theme music of Million Dollar Movie, the imbecilic lyrics of a soap commercial. No more the sound of a human voice, he thought, or the ring of honest laughter or the homely notes of a kid fumbling with the piano. Maybe that's why his father's death-agony had so provoked these people. His screams weren't canned; they were ugly and real, not to be tuned out with a snap of the dial. They lashed people out of their electronic euphoria, stung them with all the fury of a re-awakened conscience.

After a day of it, these, his neighbors of fifteen years, had shouted into the anonymity of the night: "Somebody shut him up! Stop that goddamn screaming! For crissakes get him outa here!" They preferred euphoria to life. It did no good to tell them that he could not be moved, that it would be over soon, that the least they could do would be to permit him to die with a pretense of dignity; for on the second day one of them called the cops, who arrived five minutes after he died. Dave answered their stupid questions while his father's body turned cold in the next room.

"Come on, let's get outa here. Let's go down to the parkway."

"What?" Maz cried. "You off your kugel or something? You wanna play right in the middle of all those people?"

"You're goddamn right."

"You're stoned, man. All that tequila has wasted you. You can't prove nothin' out there."

"Who's tryin to prove anything? I just want to raise some hell."

"With all those squares?" Maz was horrified at the thought. It always amused Dave to see his buddy playing the self-righteous hippie. He certainly looked the part: his trolley rail of a body had been pushed into paint-splotched jeans and a holey T-shirt, and the bony owlish outline of his face was completely overgrown with black beard, but in reality his unconventionality was strictly a seasonal thing. When winter came the beard went and the chocolate-striped conga was laid to rest in a closet in the big house in Scarsdale.

NORMAN GREEN

Big Maz, coffee shop stud, became Mark Simon, every inch the intense, on-the-ball med student. It was typical of Maz that he intended to keep on having the best of these two worlds. "I'm going to set up practice in the Village," he told Dave. "Be the swingingest G.P. on the scene. Treat the moneyed Madison Ave/TV gang by day and ball the dollies in the black stockings by night."

As they rode down in the old elevator that had suffered the knife-mutilations of the legions of kids who had ever lived in the house, Dave was struck by the thought that Maz, for all of his schizoidness, could even now chart his life's direction in a more or less straight line, but not so himself. Dave's hang-up was that he always began things in a straight line but sooner or later the line always weakened, wobbled and then came fading circularly back to the beginning. For example: he could remember carving his initials, DR, into this mahogany paneling on the very first day his family moved into the house. He had done it with the pride of a successful mountain-climber, for the Reisners had literally fought and hacked and climbed to this pinnacle of an apartment in the Bronx. It was the promised land. It had taken them ten years to come this far, to escape the dreary East Side tenements, but, thank God, they had made it, five rooms in an elevator building with, *eppis*, a park near-by. But now, just fifteen years later, Dave was giving up the five rooms and moving into a two-and-a-half-room cold-water flat down on Suffolk Street.

At first he had tried to excuse the move. He told himself that he was only being realistic. That he didn't need five rooms. That he spent all of his time downtown anyway. That he'd be able to afford the cold-water pad even while collecting unemployment. That everyone called the section the "new Village." But in his heart he knew he was rationalizing. The truth was he was returning to the East Side. He was making another big sad circle with his life.

They went outside into the warm August night and climbed onto Dave's Vespa and chugged down Barnes Avenue, past the old people who sat along the sidewalk staring up incredulously at the weird spectacle of Maz with his black beard and sandals and huge conga on his back; and at Dave hunched forward with the bright-red bongos dangling from his neck and the fat bottle of Añejo poking up out of his jacket pocket. Some of these people had made the exodus out of the East Side with the old man, Dave thought. Was this neighborhood still the promised land to them? Sitting there soddenly night after night, talking about whatever it was old people talked about, their children, he supposed, the same lies over and over.

Somewhere a kid screeched, "Ringelivio, ringelivio, one two three—ringelivio, ringelivio, all go *freee!*" and from the darkness scrambled a gaggle of kids who shrieked and giggled as they fled from the one who was It.

Once Dave and his friends had played similar games in these streets. The Big Seven they had called themselves, with black and gold club jackets to prove it. They had stayed together over the years, progressing from such commonplace city experiences as playing together in the *Daily Mirror* basketball tournament to the very special status of a tight-knit bunch of free-swingers who had managed to break out of their middle-class traces. In those years of '46 and '47 they made some frenetic discoveries: bop and marijuana and Harlem with its hip scenes and hip women. And other less flashy discoveries: politics; books; theatre; movies in which no one spoke English. There was excitement in their lives. There was Lefty Weiner getting a job playing bass with Bud Powell and winning a *Downbeat New Star* award. And Dave announcing he was going to skip college and go to work in a shop and lead the workers to socialism. And Stan Shapiro letting his hair grow long and taking acting lessons in The Method and talking about starting an off-Broadway repertory company. And Maz spending a summer bumming through Mexico and proclaiming he was going to go back there one day and work in a clinic for the poor. Everything seemed possible in those days, in those wild beautiful mixed-up days.

And now? Now nothing seemed possible. Now the excitement was gone. Lefty Weiner was in Lexington for the third time, trying to kick the heroin habit he had acquired along with two other *Downbeat* awards. Murray Kalin was undergoing shock therapy in Harlem Valley State Hospital. Dan Glutstein had been killed in Korea. Stan Shapiro was making twenty grand a year producing TV commercials and he lived in Great Neck and never talked about The Method or off-Broadway anymore—just as Maz, who was going to be a fine doctor, never talked about that Mexican clinic for the poor either. Glen Mickler, who for three years had been going with a lovely Negro girl, finally lost courage and instead settled for a zoftig loud-mouthed blonde from Brooklyn whose father set him up in the dress business. That left Dave. Dave who had been laughed out of shop after shop by the workers. Dave and his big sad circles.

They had reached the parkway. Thousands of people were strung out along the long promenade, some sitting clustered under the street lights talking or playing pinochle or reading the early edition of the *Daily News*. All about were the contradictory smells of trees and asphalt, of perfume and exhaust fumes. Children gathered round the Good Humor cart that had been pushed every summer for ten years up and down this walk by a tiny, bald-pated old man named Andy. A few blocks away the White Plains Road train rumbled into the station, one more noise added to the discordant confusion of portable radios and gossiping women and brake-screeching cars.

Dave drove slowly down the parkway, passing groups of teenagers who gathered here and there, radios blaring rock 'n' roll, their high voices tight with hungry sexual need. Young boys shrilly argued baseball, voices leaping and falling, "Yeah, Mays makes Mantle look like a bum . . . yeah . . . ahhh . . ." In the shadows beyond the vague pools of light shed by the street lights girls in tight blouses and dungarees giggled and remonstrated nasally, "Now cud id owwt, Artie! Cut it owwt!" Dave remembered that in the old days he and his friends used to put this scene down. "It's so bourgeois, man. The same squares saying the same things." They'd pile into someone's car and take off. "What's it, Monday? Let's make the jam session at Count Basie's." Or: "There's some W.C. Fields shorts at the Thalia." Or: "Let's blow some pot up at Lefty's and listen to some sides." Off they'd go, anywhere as long as it was elsewhere.

Dave turned off the parkway and parked the Vespa in the middle of a square shrub-dotted field about twenty-five yards beyond the last of the park benches. "This is it, pops."

"Oh, man," Maz groaned, glancing back over his shoulder at all those people. "This is going to be a goddamn circus." He took the bottle of Añejo and drank desperately, until his eyes turned watery. "Look, man, listen to me. This ain't for us, it never was. Let's make the Village and find some broads."

"Always elsewhere. For once let's make it here." Dave had the bottle now. "Come on."

Maz sat his drum down, looked sourly at Dave, then averted his eyes and spat out of the side of his mouth. "What the hell," he said, shaking his head. Then he began playing, reluctantly at first, his big square hands thumping slowly on the conga, the beat quickening gradually, the sound low and deep and resonant as it carried far down the parkway. And then Dave went off, improvising around the rhythm, the sharp clean sound weaving itself sinuously around the heavy sound of the conga.

They got their first reaction from two dogs, two filthy street mutts that trotted right up and stood sniffing and staring with cocked heads. Then in a little while a girl came out of the darkness. She was a big girl, easily five-ten, with bushy black hair. At first sight she looked a little odd, wearing a man's white shirt and those floppy sailor pants, with all that hair. But as she came close, drawn by the drums,

(Continued on page 6)

"Ten walrus tusks for the night is too much. Why the night is almost over—there's only two months left until morning."

Dave found himself staring at her. She stood there, face intense, watching everything Dave did, coming closer, her eyes seeking his out.

Perhaps a hundred people gathered round them within the next five minutes. Most of them came just to gawk with hanging mouths and disbelieving eyes. Others took it all as a big joke. "Look at the beatniks," they shouted, cracking bad jokes and doing mock burlesque bump-and-grinds. Dave paid them no mind; his eyes were fixed on the girl, who stood right beside him, breathing quickly as if excited by the music, a heat coming from her body. Dave drove harder on the bongos, the speed of his hands becoming more and more furious, feeling the excitement push up through him.

"O yes," she said softly when they broke off.

Dave heard Maz mutter behind him, "Hey, that chick sure is built."

"Come on," Dave said, going right off again.

It was maybe five minutes later that the trouble started. Someone grabbed Dave from behind and almost pulled him off his feet. Dave was absolutely stunned. He was vaguely aware of a man bawling something in his ear about a kid doing homework in the house across the street and how he had to have it quiet. Maz, more than a little drunk, was bellowing and shaking his fist at someone. The crowd had closed in tight and there was the terrible smell of sweat and anger and everyone was jawing and pushing and jostling. Dave tried to get free but the mob wouldn't let go of him. He swung a fist out wildly. A girl screamed. The crowd erupted. Someone—Maz, it turned out—grabbed Dave, thrust his conga out like a battering ram and bulled a way through the packed mob.

Dave gunned the Vespa furiously and they went spinning and skidding until they reached the safety of the north side of the parkway. "I told you, man," Maz was fuming, "I told you that was gonna happen. Goddamn it, what a dumb scene. What a goddamn dumb scene to get hung up in."

Dave leaned exhaustedly against the trunk of a big tree. He was all shaky and trembling and his shirt was in shreds. "Come on," Maz insisted, "let's get outa here."

"Wait! Hey, wait!" They looked up to see the girl in the floppy white pants come rushing up. She had something clutched in her hand. "I want to come with you," she said as Maz snatched the bottle from her and washed down great mouthfuls of tequila.

"Look, we may head for the Village, it could go on all night."

"I don't care." Dave looked at her closely now. She was handsome in a curious way. She couldn't have been more than twenty-five and she had a big, lovely body, but her black Italian eyes had deep creases at the corners and her mouth had known pain and—what? Bitterness? Betrayal? She had the kind of face belonging to a girl who had maybe married too young and failed at it. Or who had given birth out of wedlock but refused to feel ashamed about it. Anyway, she was someone who had been through a lot. Yet she wasn't hard; her mouth was too sensitive for that, her eyes were too beautiful. She was half-girl, half-woman and everything about her seemed to be crying out I Want, I Want, I Want.

"So you wanna go with us." It was Maz, mocking her with an ugly manner. "What's in it for you, baby? You wanna have somethin' wild to tell the girls about tomorrow?"

"No, no," she cried, "I just like the way you play. I'm crazy for bongos. You just gotta take me with you, I don't know anything about the Village but I'll go with you, I don't care—"

"All right," Dave said. He kicked the Vespa over. "What's your name?"

"Mary."

"Mary, you'll split the back seat with Maz—"

"Whadda ya mean? You can't ride two back there—"

"Shut up. She's comin' with us. We're going down to Trojan."

"Trojan?" Maz was astounded. He stood staring for a moment. Then he shot a quick look at the girl, and he let out some air through his nose. "Trojan," he said carefully. "All right, man, I dig."

As they rode down to Trojan Field, where the kids played ball during the day, Dave could hear Maz whispering something to the girl, but she didn't answer him, only wrapped her arms more tightly around Dave, her body hot against his back. It was silent and dark as they crossed the ballfield. The grass was damp under their feet and the earth smelled sweet and strange after the tar-smell of the heat-soaked streets. They walked to a distant section of the park where there was a small hill. Maz stumbled clumsily on the way up. "This is crazy," he breathed, "but we'll swing, huh. Yes, we'll swing. Hee hee." Up top they could look out over the trees to the near-by houses that faced the park. Way off in the other direction was the Fordham business district with its blaze of neon lights hanging in the sky like luminous dust. Dave sat down on a flat rock, the girl near him, lit a cigarette, then held the flame of the lighter under the bongo skins until the heat made them tight and hard. In the quiet light the girl leaned forward and smiled gently at him. He began to play, softly, lovingly, his eyes on the girl, feeling that she would understand anything he told her; anything, anything at all.

She sat listening and watching. Then all of a sudden she rose to her feet and began to dance. "Yeah," said Maz, "now we go." Her big strong body moved in perfect harmony with the drums, hips swinging cleanly, easily, as she began to feel more and more comfortable. Dave felt a very new kind of excitement, as if some dead parts of him were coming to life. He had not felt anything like this for a long time. Maz came in with the sensual throb of the conga and in the cool moonlight a little while later the girl, still dancing, unbuttoned her shirt, shed it and then unhooked her brassiere. It was done unself-consciously, with a simple purity and beauty. Her breasts were delicate and soft-white. "Yeah, yeah," Maz said and he slammed away, Dave following, both of them soaring and wailing, the great wild raw sound of their drums booming way out over the trees and fields.

When it was over the girl stood panting heavily but happily, sweat gleaming like balm on her bare skin. She came toward Dave but Maz, gulping for breath, intercepted her. "That was something, baby," he said grinning through a tight mouth. "Now let's ball for real. For real, baby." And his arms reached out to take her.

"No." The girl's cry spoke of betrayal. "No!" Frantically she twisted away from him.

Dave, paralyzed momentarily, watched as Maz, giggling like a loon, made a clumsy lunge. "No, no, no." The girl snatched up her things and fled down the hill sobbing, "No no no."

"*Wait!*"

Dave grappled to get free of Maz, screaming into his ear, "Stupid bastard, stupid square bastard." He loosed a cry into the darkness. "Mary! Wait! Mary!"

"What the hell's going on here?" From the other side of the hill came a harsh beam of light. Maz, on his knees, his mouth bleeding, began to shudder and laugh hysterically. "Fuzz," he blubbered wildly, "fuzz."

There were two cops, standing poised, ready for trouble. "Who you shouting at, Mac?"

"No one," Dave said slowly. "Me and my buddy were just carryin on a little, you know, raisin some hell."

The beam of light searched the hilltop, came to rest on the two drums. "Those damn drums of yours have been waking up the whole neighborhood."

"Neighborhood, hell," the other said, "we heard you all the way up Allerton Avenue." He gestured with the flashlight. "Let's break it up now. Take your beard and get outa here, the party's over."

An hour later Dave, alone, was still riding round and round the neighborhood searching for a girl named Mary who wore floppy white pants. Round and round he drove, in circles. □

her score — 36-24-35 — beats his by miles.

Naturally, she scored a bulls-eye with us.

GIVE THE LITTLE LADY A CIGAR

A light study of women and "the weed" that asks the burning question of today: Are all females just nuts when it comes to smoking butts?

BY BEN BENNETT

CIGAR-EETS and wimmin . . . they'll drive you crazy . . . they'll drive you insane!" So goes the ominous aria of a once popular hillbilly song. It has a catchy tune and when those recording rascals, Homer and Jethro, sing it even a Puccini fan will have to say it's art. But what after all *is* art if not just a pleasant, or catchy way of imparting fundamental truths? The first fundamental, if ridiculous, truth the soul-searching student discovers about tobacco is that it's more of a female thing than a male affair. Men may foolishly think it has always been their idea, but the fingers of the world's females have been squeezing, shaping, blessing, caressing, molding and holding onto *Nicotiana tabacum* (to be fancy and botanical about it) from the germination of the first wafer-thin, delicate, almost invisible seed. It is shocking fact that every single refinement in the history of tobacco consumption has been brought about by, or, to please, women!

The second truth the student finds is that, while men have passively accepted, relaxed with and even been soothed by the wondrous weed, it has somehow consistently made nervous wrecks out of women. The latter, whether they are smoking it or abstaining, whether they are telling *us* to use it or not to use it, inevitably become funny, inane and/or outright insane.

Consider, for example, their affiliation with the cigar. Three years ago, in this very magazine, Marvin Kitman, another scholar of the smoke, posed the important question: "What is there in a cigar that seems to bring out the worst in a woman?" Mr. Kitman, who has written essays on all aspects of tobacco, is a well-known expert on the well-known plant. Withal, he has the humility to privately confess he can't find the answer to his enigma, one which has caused such intellectual complexes before him as Rudyard Kipling, Winston Churchill and the United States Department of Agriculture to bitterly throw in the thinking towel.

We can't answer it here, either. But we *can* take a look at the cigar's life-history. To begin with, women invented it for women to smoke. To keep from staining their lips and hands, they refined its shape and put a paper finger-grip (the band) around it. Next, they urged us to put down our clay pipes (another woman invention) and start sharing it with them. When we did, and got to prefer the cigar, the ladies dropped it like a hot ash—if you'll pardon the metaphor. Then, they began a long campaign (1890 to 1959) to get *us* to drop it, too. Finally, they've now come full circle on the cigar and are taking it up again themselves! Will this vicious circle never end?

This latest cease-fire was ushered in during 1959 with the publication of that infamous, scare 'em *Reader's Digest* report on cigarettes and cancer. (It was co-authored, incidently, by Mrs. Lois Mattox Miller, a *woman.*) One of the alleged exposé's conclusions was that cigar-smokers may suffer less ill effects from smoking than cigarette fans do. This notion was based on the peculiar grounds that cigars provided less heat than cigarettes (dubious), less tars (debatable), and were made with better tobacco (dubious). Had the experts the courtesy to inform the readers about the exact brands they were discussing, the report would have been more conclusive. But it is obvious that they had never smoked a real lousy cigar, the five-cent variety known affectionately by horseplayers and pool sharks as "Havana Hemp." It was not long after the report that startled citizens began seeing newspictures of famous ladies sporting cigars in dainty holders at the theater, the opening of the Metropolitan Opera, in fashionable New York restaurants and expensive Chicago and San Francisco beauty salons. For awhile, the country's usually sedate high fashion photographers, sophisticated comedians and others with a trained eye for folly had a heyday with "the cigar craze." Now, such smoking sickness has spread to the upper-crust, custom-making International white-trash set in Milan, Rome, Paris, London and Rio. And at least three U.S. manufacturers are getting ready to market little cigars "for women only."

Pocahontas, a good American girl to say the least, is rightfully regarded as the mother of the tobacco industry. It is her face and form that one finds on the cigar store Indian (when one can find a cigar store Indian). But another of her sex, Catherine de'Medici, predated her in exploiting the weed by almost a century. When Columbus and later sailors brought some of the leaves back to Europe, men treated them as curios. Catherine, however, got hold of some seeds and began growing tobacco in her private herb garden. Her intuition told her that it should make a fine poultice to heal the wounds of husband Henry II's always ailing army. It burned like the dickens, naturally, and when the soldiers complained Catherine had their heads cut off. Her long quest to prove the health value of the novelty plant was a dedicated, sacred thing, you see, and there was just no room in those days for sore losers.

It was the celebrated Indian, however, who 350 years ago married John Rolfe and thereby lit a fire which is now burning brighter than ever. Rolfe was one of the white wretches who had failed to find gold (no one has yet, either) in the ill-fated first colonization attempt at Jamestown, Va. Princess Matoaka, or Pocahontas, had been captured deep inside Indian territory as a young girl. She was eighteen, beautiful, and in a strong jail at Jamestown when Rolfe met her. She was also a warm lass whose very nickname, Pocahontas, meant "playful person;" they say she broke down and cried for joy when the Governor let her out to wed Rolfe. Rumor has it she would have cried for joy if they told her to marry the Governor.

Like so many wives today, Pocahontas liked to eat. After a year of sharing Rolfe's semi-starvation, she got him to give up struggling with corn and some other miscellaneous groceries which no self-respecting Virginian today would try to grow. Her idea was that he should be the first educated person since Catherine to try tobacco as a speculative crop. By 1615, the couple's finished experiments were able to fill a ship's hold, and they sailed (with seven of her blood relatives) away to merry old England. Sales magic began happening the moment Londoners got a sniff of the exotic cargo. Historian Samuel Purchas, still a boy at the time,

remembered later that "whilst those women around her gave themselves to smoking follies, Lady Rolfe carried herself as the Daughter of a King and became the rage of the town." It figured. After all, most Londoners had never seen a woman smoking. Also, most Londoners had never seen an Indian woman. Put an unbeatable combination like that together, and naturally you're going to have a "rage of the town."

Two years later, weary of London's many formalities and longing for the barefoot blessedness of her homeland, Pocahontas died. All seven Red relatives uncannily quickly followed her. The little "playful person" had lived but twenty-two years, yet it had been long enough to make her point on the potential of a simple leaf, one which today is our third largest money crop.

One reason Londoners couldn't wait to burn up Rolfe's crop was that, in painfully short supply, Sir Walter Raleigh had introduced tobacco earlier at the English court. The scene had been one few Englishmen could forget. As the devil - may - care explorer actually made so bold as to light a pipe of the weeds for Queen Elizabeth, his friends accused him of foolishly risking his very life. Evil smiles came to the lips of his enemies when, after a few puffs, the queen became dizzy. They were certain he had poisoned Elizabeth, but Raleigh just stood fast and told her the first time was the hardest. Elizabeth puffed again and quickly recovered. Excitedly, she allowed her ladies-in-waiting to try the pipe. In time, she was to employ "Professors of Whiffing" to teach the happy new habit to all her friends. Raleigh, who was said to be able to take the stuff or leave it, had the last drag. He sailed away to his beloved black waters with money galore and a royal kiss to keep him warm.

After John Rolfe's success, every budding "sot-weed factor" (cigar salesman) was hell-bent to get to Virginia and make a fortune in the fields. For once, there *was* gold in them there hills. One group left in such a rush they misjudged the currents and landed, not in Jamestown but on a big rock near present day Plymouth, Mass. Worse yet, they didn't find any tobacco there. All of which soon brought great distress to the bachelors among them, because the asking price to have a female of marriageable quality sent over from England was just then 120 pounds—not sterling but, you guessed it, dried leaf. The D.A.R. will object to this last statement, but it's the Gospel Truth. Honest it is.

When men finally did get the stuff to grow, colonial women began smoking up a storm. These early Americans were said by one shocked visitor of the day to "smoke in bed, smoke as they knead their bread, smoke whilst they are cooking." Almost all pioneer girls smoked pipes or small cigar-like bundles of loose tobacco. I know. The D.A.R. will object to this too.

In the 1680's, finding pipes crude and suitable only for males, Parisian women developed the practice of taking snuff. The French always had a sense of the finer things. With amazing rapidity, an entire etiquette, replete with do's and don't on sniffing the stuff, evolved. Every one of the social leaders was trying her damndest to outdo the others, but at length the Grand Prix was awarded hands down to Madame de Pompadour. The ingenious mistress of Louis XV was credited with creating a special blend of snuff "designed to improve the memory."

Meanwhile, over in England the ladies had snuff for the beginner, snuff for the aged, snuff for the lover, morning snuff, afternoon snuff and after-dinner snuff. They carried this primitive fix around in jeweled and enameled boxes, stopping on street corners and just anywhere to sniff it up their noses. When it excited their delicate nasal tissues, it produced embarrassing sneezes. Yet, such a heretofore unpardonable blunder was overnight made acceptable. For, thanks to a women's word-of-mouth whitewashing present day public relations men could probably learn something form, everyone "knew" snuff *did* relieve pains and vertigo, did cure deafness, epilepsy and toothache. Men, in the middle of all this, looked on with quiet incredulity and kept to their pipes. Many secretly wondered why, with all that sneezing, London didn't get hit with a second Great Plague.

In time, of course, cure-alls have a way of curing even themselves, some notable examples through the years being "Moxie" tonic (whatever happened to Moxie?"), "Hadacol" pills and chlorophyll. The one person who came along to cure many of her sex of tobacco was tragic Queen Caroline. Every woman in England liked her and men respected the saintly sovereigness who in 1795 had been snatched practically from the playground and forced into wedlock with the Prince of Wales. When the good queen began to be persecuted daily by the latter's mistresses, understandably she started to lean just as daily on the weed. The thing was, though, Caroline didn't puff it and she didn't snuff it. She *chewed* her tobacco (as a dentifrice, heh-heh, she was always quick to explain).

After the birth of a child her husband kicked Caroline out of the royal bedroom, permanently. At this point, she cracked hard and began chewing more ounces of tobacco per day then ever. As a method of getting back into her husband's good graces, it proved an awful bust. By 1806, she had been so censured for improprieties and unguarded speech, she was actually offered a settlement to renounce in public her title-by-marriage. Caroline wouldn't and things went from bad to worse, but she was so hooked on tobacco she couldn't care less. She just kept on chawing and spitting as things went to pieces all around her. It it true she kicked the cud long enough to find voice and defeat a House of Lords bill which had been faked up to get her officially divorced on grounds of adultery. But in 1820, the chewing queen received the final insult, one she never recovered from. They excluded her forcibly from Westminister Hall (where spittoons were not stocked) on coronation day and she died shortly thereafter, a frustrated junkie who couldn't remember just how it had all gotten started.

In America, the best women were behaving just as badly. Around 1820, traders "discovered" the city of Santa Fe, where snuff was unkown. Most of the senoras and senoritas of *that* far-

flung paradise sat around in the sun all day taking nervous drags off ten-inch tapering objects. These were called "seegaritos" and were just as black as the consumers' tight-fitting satin gowns. When word of such goings-on got back east, almost immediately a woman's status began depending on how many of the strong stogies she could stand a day.

When they finally gave up the vicious, biting cigars, men took them over and the girls went back to their trusty pipes. (Among females of the era who enjoyed a pipe after supper were the White House wives of Andrew Jackson and Zachary Taylor. However, it was best not to mention his wife's proclivity to Jackson. He usually challenged the blabber-mouth to a duel. Taylor took it in his stride.) When the "seegarito" concept filtered back to Europe, women there tried them and soon realized they were just too strong. But they did not give them up completely. They refined the cigars into a weaker, more feminine article which they called the "cigarette."

In England, by 1860 they had added a tip to the cigarette. Devised to save the ladies' lips, these were made of glass, silk, straw, wood, heavy cork and parchment. When the cigarette hit the U.S., we were in our gilded post-Civil War era and the big demand was for vari-colored tips and scented cigarette paper. (You thought the clean, ¼ inch away filter was a product of modern science did you?) Favorite paper shades were gold-leaf, silver and rose. Most filters were either of spicy gum or confectionary sugar, but a great deal of experimenting took place with straw, ivory, simulated cork, wax paper and even corn husks.

During the 1870's the woman smoker here reached her most glorified heights. Ladies everywhere who could afford it smoked, and when the smoking car became a fixture on the nation's railroads many a wife could be seen to haughtily join her husband there in a cigar or one of the still-new cigarettes. Then, in the late 1880's, for some inexplicable reason, smoking was suddenly no longer ladylike. Strong guilt feelings about "the sloppy, lazy practice" created our first real severance of U. S. woman's long association with tobacco. In 1889, one of the die-hard addicts, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, was hit by educators, clergymen and others for serving cigarettes to her women White House guests. During the same year, a high-class Englishwoman opened a pack of cigarettes in a famous New York restaurant and the headwaiter glared at her. When she asked, "May ladies smoke here?" his icy answer was: "Ladies *may*, madam, but ladies never do."

When the gay 90's rolled in, women in every state had given up what "the Pennsylvania reformer," Miss Marian Pagano, had been the first of her sex to dub "the filthy weed." So antiseptic was the cleanup movement, when it was accidently discovered that good American women like so many wanton Carmens were rolling cigarettes in a Virginia tobacco factory, a furor ripped the East. One leading national newspaper consented to investigate the situation. Its report, however, was forced to comment on "the intelligence and comely appearance of the girls . . . who must go through a most thorough examination as to character and habits, and none are admitted who are found wanting in good moral character. As a result," it concluded, "there may be found in the factory girls from among the most respectable families of the state."

Then, while the country was still apologizing, the terrible "Richmond Scandal" occurred. Because of it, the fair sex lost smoking grounds in this country which they haven't completely regained yet. Some adventurous ladies, it seemed, had gathered into the railroad station to brazenly publicly puff several cigarettes which had been secretly obtained by a maid. The stationmaster was informed straight off and he asked the ladies to leave. But the damage was done before they'd even got to the butting stage, and instantly ordinances forbidding public smoking by women showed up in a hundred American cities.

Deprived of tobacco themselves, the women soon began making things miserable for the men. While some were content with merely spending as much money on ashtrays as they once had on food, others decided it was their duty to make sons, mates and lovers stop smoking altogether. Eventually their agitation fired up Anthony Comstock, the famous watchdog of the Watch and Ward Society, who had been so busy chasing other vice he hadn't had time to think about tobacco one way or the other.

When the anti-tobacco women came to him, the grouchy "genius" from New Canaan, Conn., had already made quite a name with his literary works (*Frauds Exposed*, 1880; *Traps for the Young*, 1883; *Morals Versus Art*, 1887), and several spectacular raids on publishers. At first he had no interest in taking up one more cause, but when turn-of-the-century cigarette cards began featuring the petite likeness of a redhead named Mrs. Leonard, he agreed to rush down to Washington and raise moral hell. Comstock returned north knowing his impassioned pleadings had caused cigarette companies' use of girly themes to be outlawed forever. In the floradora girls' place began to appear the kind of card we today associate with such milder stimulants as popcorn and bubble gum. A maddening dash to obtain something exciting, yet acceptable, produced elaborate cuts of ballplayers, prizefighters, fresh water fish portraits, Indian Chief sets and the like. Missing only was a series on famous air aces (the plane had not yet been invented, you see).

Back in once bawdy England things were if anything disgustingly cleaner. Queen Victoria, a kind of early Emily Post, had moved in to decry death to anything that might be fun for men and women, in that order. The motherly monarch encouraged mass re-readings of local poets but one of the greatest of them all, Robert Louis Stevenson, was struck from the list. The reason was that one of the "singing Scot's" best sonnets had ended with a line to the effect that no woman should love "a man who does not smoke." (What if he *(Continued on page 14)*

Give The Little Lady A Cigar *(continued from page 13)*

had, for the rhyme, of course, said "drink?")

And then came Kipling. For the sake of saving space, let's just say he was probably the first of the beatniks and possessing of such charm he could get away with repeated literary references to drinking, wenching and below-the-belt brawling. Like, in the midst of all the clean collars and stiff upper English-lips, he called fair Britannia "a smelly old shoe"—and lived! When he wrote *The Betrothed*, though, he might just as well have committed suicide. The poem, in which Kipling tells how "Maggie" has forbidden him to smoke "cigars or cheroots," lest there be no marraige, ends as follows:

Open the old cigar box.
Let me consider anew.
Old friends, and who is Maggie
That I should abandon you?
A million surplus Maggies
Are willing to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba.
I hold to my first-sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival,
I'll have no Maggie for spouse!

Thus did the man who had written *Gunga Din*, *Jungle Book* and *The Road to Mandalay* put the knife to a brilliant career. In her weird way, old Victoria was said to have loved England's bad boy, and Rudyard, at the time of *The Betrothed*, was a cinch favorite to cop the Poet Laureatship of the then greatest nation in the world. But as we have noted, women and tobacco have always made in inexplicable, bitchy and insane duo. No reason was given when Kipling was at first passed over for the treasured title. But everyone knew it had been because of the comparitively sin-free little poem in which he made the speaker choose between the lady of his heart and his cigars. In an unofficial aside, Victoria snapped: "No *gentleman* could ever make such a terrible choice."

Things were so equally sad at the American tobacco counter during Woodrow Wilson's administration that his vice president, an otherwise extremely thought-free Indianian named Thomas Marshall, was moved to remark: "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar." Some historians say Marshall was not concerned about a panacea for economic ills but over a seeming evaporation of maleness from the Main Street scene. In any case, Wilson gave him hell for the slip and forgot all about it until 1920. In that nervewracking year, a Miss Lucy Gaston threatened rather loudly to run for Wilson's job on a "NO TOBACCO!" ticket. As if poor old Wilson didn't have enough trouble with getting America to accept the League of Nations! One may even be so bold as to speculate that women's odd demands about tobacco was one of the main causes of World War II. All we need is a clever historian to prove this unique point of view.

Ever since Marshall's sole nine-word indiscretion the weed has remained a taboo subject in high-level U.S. politics. The Prohibitionist Party *still* is against smoking and no major candidate since Roosevelt has had the nerve to leave the pack, so to speak, open on the table. This is why none of us can remember ever seeing Harry Truman, Eisenhower or Kennedy or any of their wives smoking in public. As far as we the people can see, even the independent and intensely modern Jackie has chucked the habit.

Another interesting aspect of this double standard about tobacco is found today on TV. Although men are often seen taking a drag on the weed, women are seldomly likewise portrayed. They can hold on to a butt, but they keep it away from their mouths.

In the roaring 20's, rebellious and guzzling cappers notwithstanding, women's consumption of cigarettes sold here was a paltry five per cent. A decade later, woman pressure groups had not only lowered the five per cent figure but cut down the men's percentage, too. Furthermore, a 1935 study shows that feminine protest by then had forced four out of five of our once-flourishing cigar factories into bankruptcy. Man-on-the-street feeling about smoking, particularly by women, was probably best expressed with the tongue-and-cheek it deserved in *The Yellow Bird*, a Tennessee Williams short story of the period.

The story is about "Alma," a young old maid who lives a thoroughly clean but dull life in an Arkansas town. Her mother is virtuous to the point of boredom and her father is the local Methodist minister. The preacher's one campaign against sin is directed, naturally, at smoking, which he has the courage to recognize as the leading vice of the day. He allows his wife to rule the daughter's life, but there is one warning the old fellow is wont to repeat every now and then. "If Alma gets to smoking," he says threatenly, "out she goes!"

When Alma discovers Coca-Cola at the "White Star Drug Store," she begins spending her afternoons drinking it. One of the attractions at the store is a soda jerk, "Stuff," a somewhat younger man who we are told has "more pimples than

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"No! I won't let you in until you give me a big kiss, you big old dear you!"

Give The Little Lady A Cigar *(continued from page 14)*

technique." Stuff, unfortunately, likes a girl who likes a smoke and Alma's downfall begins. She starts sneaking butts in the attic of the parsonage, after first stuffing newspaper at the crack of the door. Alma knows this is bad, but, Williams tells us, "she *would* smoke." At length, she is caught and slapped on the mouth by her father. By then, however, the smoke has gotten "right down into her brain" and Alma slaps back, but harder. Next, she takes to parading arrogantly down the front walk, curls of smoke coming savagely from her flared nostrils for all the town to see. Smoking, as the preacher knew all along, leads to hair-bleaching, this leads to drinking, drinking to dancing, dancing to rumble-seat games in roadsters. The reader is not surprised when the small town girl ends up fabulously successful in a New Orleans crib, "with grasstains on the backs of all her very expensive white dresses."

There is another interesting variation on this theme to be found in the grand old American joke concerning the young blade and the Sunday school teacher on a date. After offering her a drink and a smoke and seeing his generosity refused, the irate date, thinking he has a dull dame on his hands for the evening, says candidly, "How about stopping at the next motel along the road?"

"Delighted," she answers immediately.

The surprised swain, after his shock, says, "I don't get it. You don't drink or smoke."

"That's right,"she says. "I always tell my students that they can have a wonderful time without any drinking or smoking at all."

In the depraved 1940's, when Lucky Strike green and women alike "went to war," such inconvenience as having to sneak the smoke was stopped; U.S. womanhood swiftly regained once more its original iron hold on the weed. Their position today, from a tobacco corporation viewpoint, is brazenly healthy. One ninth-grade boy in seven, and one ninth-grade girl in twenty smokes. By the senior year in high school, the smoking figures average out to one boy in three, and one girl in four. As the girls grow older the gap narrows still more: The government has learned that thirty-four of our seventy million steady cigarette smokers are women.

The mathematics of this situation are of noteworthy. Assuming that each of the dames involved smokes a half pack of cigarettes per day, that is thirty-four million times 365 times 10 (a half pack of the weed). In case you're interested, the answer to that multiplication problem is 124,100,000,000. Allowing for the quarter day of each year and the fact that many babes smoke like chimneys, it is really a conservative estimate. Now you can readily understand why the cigarette companies pay so much attention to women's demands.

Withal, some industry fathers feel the recent cancer scares are causing a slow but increasing number of drop-outs among woman smokers. They cite such cases as the 1960 court battle between a Louisiana widow and a cigarette manufacturer as eliciting much sympathy among the widow's sex. When the woman, Mrs. Victoria Lartique, broke down and wept as her attorney described the late Mr. Lartique as "a human chimney," public reaction against tobacco had a noticeable national surge. Lartique was said to have smoked from two to five packs of the famous defendant's cigarettes a day since the age of nine. He died at sixty-five with lung cancer, but his doctor could not prove it was due to cigarettes and the widow lost her suit. The tobacco company, though, claims *it* lost . . . in prestige and female customers. A more recent case in Philadelphia was also decided against the plantiff. While the jury acknowledged that smoking could be a possible cause of the deceased's lung cancer, they noted that the cigarette companies did not force the unfortunate devil to smoke their cigarettes. If the case was decided for the plantiff, they concluded, every drunk whose liver gave out, could sue the liquor companies. This is regarded by many legal experts as the first court decision on the right "to go to hell in your own fashion."

The *Reader's Digest* says some manufacturers are convinced the cancer publicity is going to cost them prohibitive amounts of smoking-women revenue. Accordingly, the magazine says, some of the large companies are now seriously considering the possibilities of scrapping traditional blends, in favor of "strawberry, raspberry, orange, lemon and lime-flavored cigarettes." And in Europe, one company has already begun turning out a woman's cigarette which has a tip composed of real rose petals.

At this point, the writer is tempted to suggest other cigarette ingredients and filters to accomodate Madam's taste. For the nervous woman: cigarettes dipped into a solution of milltown. For the gal with a weight problem: metracal-flavored butts. For the man-hungry girl: filters enriched with her favorite perfume. One can see that there are no end of possibilities for ruining tobacco.

The moral in all this, unless history fails to repeat itself, is that we men may soon be puffing a lot of nothing instead of tobacco.

Not long ago, woman's influence was used to ruin tobacco for us by maddeningly progressive blend-changes which made the smoke milder and milder. More recently, they've come along and polluted everything with menthol. Now, some feel we may be approaching still another turning point.

The way women have kept cleaning up our smoking habits has driven some men to quiet rage. The comic, Lenny Bruce, however, has been extremely loud in *his* displeasure. After first explaining how "women got you on the menthol kick," Bruce with pitiless savagery of late has been warning male nightclub patrons what's next: "Some night, you're going to wake up at four A.M. and find you're out of cigarettes. You'll be wanting a smoke in the worst way. After a few minutes, do you know what you're going to find yourself doing? You're going to be eying that Vicks jar. . . ." Some men double up with laughter at this point in the skit. But an alarming number of them start turning ashen.

Is the fair sex going to continue destroying tobacco for us, right before our eyes? Apparently, yes.

Can anything be done to halt this terrible trend? Perhaps.

The first suggestion to be made is that the American smoking male band together in clubs and institute an enormous public relations campaign designed to educate those men unaware of the problem. When this is accomplished, a political party should be founded dedicated to the weed. After all, if the Prohibitionist Party could have made such inroads, why not a party dedicated to the opposite yet desirable cause? The only qualification for office demanded is a man who smokes his tobacco pure. And, while we're at it, we might see if we could lower the taxes on tobacco (the revenue could be supplied by increasing it on the luxury products the women hold dear). As it is now, close to seventy per cent of the dough men spend for butts now goes into Uncle Sam's coffers. Finally, each guy on a date will carry in a special pocket a pack of Spanish or French cigarettes. When his date, wife or mistress wants a cigarette, slip her one of these. It will either increase her love for the weed or discourage her completely. All of which leads us to our final point.

There is one alternative, that women will eventually tire of their nonsense and voluntarily take themselves out of the smoke picture altogether. This is an historically unsound and admittedly slim possibility. But the author, a man who likes his tobacco strong and straight, is taking heart in the yell presently being uttered by a girl cheerleader group in a certain southern high school. *"We don't chew! We don't smoke,"* it goes in decidedly disinterested spirit, *"Nor-folk! Nor-folk!"* □

All the new owners did was apply a fresh coat of paint, and suddenly the town saw red. BY RICK RUBIN

THE MAUVE HOUSE

WILL NEWCOMBE noticed the color of the house next door on his way home from work, and when he arrived Jossie met him at the door to tell him about it. She had watched the painters at work all day and had gone across the street to Martha Johnson's where they had looked the color up in Martha's encyclopedia. They had decided the color must be mauve.

Will and Jossie went out in the yard to look at the house. They talked about it for a few minutes and then walked across the street together to talk to Paul and Martha Johnson.

"I guess it's mauve all right," Will said after they'd looked in the encyclopedia again. "It's kind of an interesting color too. But I can't see why they'd go to all the trouble of painting a house a color like that."

"Maybe they're some kind of eccentrics," Martha Johnson said.

"I sure hope not," Will said.

"I'll bet the ad agency had them do it," Paul Johnson said. "Probably it'll blend better with the ads they're planning to put up."

"Maybe with one ad," Will said, "But it'll clash with most of them."

"It'll look awful if they put up anything red or orange," Jossie said.

"It is a pretty color," Will said, "But white is a lot more sensible. White goes with anything. And besides, they'll just cover it with ads."

"Sure," Paul said. "Everybody's house is white underneath."

"Well, maybe there's some special reason for it," Will said. "We'll probably find out tomorrow when they put up the new ads."

About ten o'clock that evening Will went for a walk. The color of the house next door had been teasing his mind, and without quite admitting it to himself, he wanted to look at some of the other houses in the neighborhood. Sure enough, wherever he could see a section of a house between the ads the house was white. Every house. Then, coming back home about eleven, he passed the mauve house, dark and somehow naked looking without ads bolted in place all over it. It gave Will a feeling of vague discomfort. Like seeing a person without any clothes on.

The painting had been done on Tuesday. On Wednesday the new people moved in. Jossie watched their furniture being carried in from the van, and in the afternoon the people themselves showed up. Jossie waited until the man and the woman were standing out in front watching the movers work and then went out and introduced herself.

"Would you like to come over for a cup of coffee?" she said. "I know what a strain moving into a new house is. Sometimes a cup of coffee is nice."

"That's very kind of you," the woman said. She and her husband came back with Jossie and they sat in the living room and had coffee and cake. They were Charlie and Norma Dussenberry, and Charlie worked for some company Jossie couldn't remember having heard of, American Amalgamated or something like that. Norma said they moved around quite a lot and said how much they appreciated having friendly neighbors. Jossie asked Dussenberry what sort of work he did, but he said it was just management work, nothing interesting.

They had talked for half an hour before Jossie got around to the color of the house. "We've all been wondering why you

DAVID THURMAN

had it painted that color," she said. "Not that it isn't pretty. It's mauve isn't it?"

"Yes, that's right," Norma said. "Mauve."

"Well, but it seems like it will clash with the ads," Jossie said. "Unless you have a special deal with the agency for a special ad. But even then . . ."

"Oh, we aren't going to have any ads on our house," Charlie said.

There was a shocked silence. "No ads?" Jossie said, and then, realizing that she was being impolite, more by her tone than what she said, she continued, "Why that's interesting. No ads."

"Yes," Charlie said. "We feel that we can just get along without them."

"Well, that's kind of expensive," Jossie said. "We could never get along without the income from our ads. But then you probably have a better job than Will has."

"I'm no millionaire," Dussenberry said, "but we get along."

The Dussenberrys went back to supervising the moving-in and Jossie stayed in the house. She mulled over the idea of not having any ads on a house, and she was so engrossed with thinking about it that when Will came home from work she blurted out the whole story before he had his coat half off.

"No ads?" he said. He stood there for a minute and then shrugged back into his coat and began to pace the floor. "How can they do that?"

"Well, I guess they just are," Jossie said. "There isn't any law that says you have to rent the space on your house to the agencies, is there?"

"No, there isn't any law. But everybody does it."

"Some people in real ritzy sections don't."

"Darn few. Even in the ritzy sections most places have ads. And this isn't a ritzy section, Jossie. This is just middle class."

"Well, I guess they just don't want to have any ads. So they don't have them. And then they can paint their house any color they want."

"Yeh, mauve," Will said. "Lets go talk to Paul and Martha."

They walked across the street together and sat in the kitchen where Martha was fixing dinner and the four of them talked about it.

"I don't like it," Johnson said after they'd told him the story. "I just don't like having people like that in the neighborhood."

"They're probably harmless," Martha said. "Maybe they're just trying to pretend they're so rich they don't need ads."

"Then they can damn well go live where rich people live," Jothnson said. "What are they trying to do, shame us? Make us look like a bunch of paupers?"

"I'm sure that isn't what they have in mind," Jossie said. "They seemed nice when I talked to them. Just ordinary people."

"Then they should act like ordinary people," Johnson said.

Being around Johnson when he was so upset made Will and Jossie nervous, so they didn't stay long. Walking back across the street Will looked hard at the mauve house and then at the ad-plastered other houses on the street. He looked at his own house as though for the first time. He had a big ad for a popular priced car on the front, and smaller ads for soda pop, aspirin, beauty cream and picnic hams. It was a typical assortment, all the same level as his neighbors. His relations with his ad agency were pleasant enough. Once they had wanted to put an ad he didn't approve of on his garage and when he objected they substituted another without complaint.

"If they want to be better than we are they could have gotten a Cadillac ad or something," he said to Jossie.

"No, I don't think so," Jossie said. "I don't think the agency would put a Cadillac ad in this neighborhood."

After dinner they went next door to talk to Dorothy and Al Braun. The Brauns' kids were still up, all but the youngest, but both Will and Jossie felt the need to talk to someone.

"It looks simply naked," Dorothy said. "I think it's indecent."

"Even with the mauve paint it's so darn dull and colorless," Braun said.

"Well, you know, they can see out of all their windows," Will said. "There aren't any ads blocking the view."

"We have part of our picture window uncovered," Braun said defensively.

"Yeh, but last month you didn't."

"It must make the house nice and light," Jossie said.

"This Dussenberry guy must make a lot of money," Braun said. "We'd never be able to live here without the money from the ads. They cover better than half our payments."

"Maybe they cut down on other things," Jossie said.

"I don't know," Will said. "I haven't ever given the ads much thought. I always assumed everyone had them. But maybe you don't have to. Maybe if a guy feels like it he can have a house without ads on it."

"What good would that be?" Dorothy said. "Nobody could tell what sort of a person you were. Or if none of the houses had them, what kind of a neighborhood it was."

"There must be some other way to tell," Will said.

"Maybe," Dorothy said. "But ads are what people look at first. You can tell a poor neighborhood by the beer and public transportation ads. Or a rich one by the scotch and fancy car ads. And by how classy the ads are, how artistic."

"That's right," Braun said. "I've heard of whole neighborhoods getting together on improvement drives and getting the ad agencies to upgrade the ads on all the houses. It improves the resale value of the houses."

"And besides," Dorothy said, "a house looks indecent without ads. Naked."

"I've got an idea," Braun said. "Let's all go over and Jossie can introduce us to these people. Maybe we can get a line on why they're doing it."

The Brauns left their children under the care of their oldest girl, and the four adults walked down the block and up the walk to the mauve-colored house, Braun knocked on the door.

Norma Dussenberry answered it, a pleasant smile on her face. "Hi," Jossie said. "I imagine you're awful busy, but I just wanted to introduce you to my husband and to the people who live in the house beyond ours."

"Please come in," Mrs. Dussenberry said. She called her husband and the Newcombes and the Brauns sat around in the living room on furniture and packing cases.

"It's nice of you to drop over," Charlie Dussenberry said after everyone had been introduced.

"I understand you aren't going to rent any of your space to an ad agency," Al Braun blurted out.

"No, that's right," Charlie said. "I'm leaving it uncovered."

"Yeh, but why?" Al demanded.

"Oh, I just feel like it."

"Because of the windows maybe?" Jossie said.

"We do like being able to see out of the windows," Norma Dussenberry said. "It makes the house lighter too, and cuts

the electricity bills." She smiled and waited expectantly.

"I hope you won't feel we're complaining," Will said. "We just . . . well, the idea of not having ads on a house seems strange to us all."

"Oh, we understand," Charlie Dussenberry said. "That's all right."

They stayed a little longer, talking of this and that, but the Dussenberrys would give no satisfactory reason for not selling the space on their house. They didn't even seem very concerned about it. After a while there was a long nervous silence, and then the Brauns and the Newcombes got up to go.

That night, in bed but not yet asleep, Will and Jossie talked about it for nearly half an hour. "It reminds me of the highways," Will said. "You know, they used to put up ads all along the highways before they outlawed it. They said it didn't look good, and it blocked the view of the scenery."

"Yes, but a house isn't like scenery," Jossie said.

"No, that's right. But somehow it reminds me of the highways anyway."

"Do you suppose they're some kind of anti-advertising cranks?"

"They don't sound like it," Will said. "They don't sound much different than anybody. But they are different. Somehow."

"Yes, but how?"

"I don't know. It isn't money. They aren't any richer than we are."

"Maybe they just want to attract attention," Jossie said. "Maybe they're just a couple of show-offs."

The first letter to the editor appeared two days later in the morning paper. Will and Jossie read it over breakfast. The letter charged that the owners of the mauve house were trying to put themselves ahead of their neighbors. "Such un-American behavior can not long be countenanced in a democratic society such as ours," the letter concluded. It was signed Jacob Milner and the address listed was five or six blocks away.

"I don't see why he should care," Jossie said.

"Probably just a crank," Will said.

"Maybe he works for the advertising agency that used to buy space on the Dussenberry's house."

"That's an idea. Maybe he's worried about his job."

The next morning there were three letters, two violently against and one for. The letter favoring the house labeled it a "bold step in contemporary living," while the letters against labeled it "subversive" and "conceited."

That day the cars began to come. At first there were only a few. It was Saturday, and there are always a few people who have nothing better to do and want to see something they've read about in the paper. But the next day, Sunday, in addition to several letters the paper ran a feature article about the mauve house. including some evasive answers by Charlie Dussenberry about why he had chosen to leave advertising off his house. The article outlined the history of advertising on houses, tracing it back to the right of a farmer to sell the space on his barn even though he could not have billboards on his property. And all that day a stream of people drove or walked past the mauve house, and of course past the Newcombes' house next door. They trampled Will's lawn and stood gawking in the street and about three o'clock a popcorn wagon showed up, the operator blowing a little steam whistle every few minutes to attract attention.

After the sun went down the crowd pretty well cleared away. Half an hour after dinner Paul Johnson knocked at the Newcombes' door. Al Braun was with him. Will let them in and fixed them both drinks.

"I'll tell you, this can't go on," Johnson said. "My God, did you ever see so many people all at once, Will?"

"He's got no right to mess up our lives like this," Braun said.

"That's what I say," Johnson said. "My God, the three of us better go over and tell them to either put up ads like decent people or get the hell out."

"Well, maybe," Will said, "but we haven't any right to do that."

"We've got a right to have a little peace and quiet," Johnson said.

Braun and Johnson got up to go next door and Will joined them. Johnson pounded on Dussenberry's door, and the three men stood very close together waiting.

Charlie Dussenberry opened the door and invited them in.

"This isn't a social call," Paul Johnson said. "We came to talk about all those people out there today looking at your house."

"Yes, I guess that was pretty disturbing for you," Dussenberry said.

"It sure as hell was," Al Braun said.

"My front yard is sort of a mess," Will said.

"Well, I'll be happy to pay for any damages," Dussenberry said. "And I can assure you that you won't be disturbed this way for long."

"Oh you can, huh?" Johnson said. "What does that mean? Are you going to change your mind then, and put up ads?"

"No," Dussenberry said, "but people will forget about it. The same thing happened the last place we lived, but it all blew over in a week or so."

"Say, what kind of a wise guy are you anyway?" Braun said. "You mean you stir up trouble like this every place you live?"

"I assure you it will all be over in a few days," Dussenberry said. "And I'll pay for any damages to property."

"Well, there's something I'd like to know," Will said. "I'd like to know why you haven't put up any ads."

Dussenberry's mouth turned up in an enigmatic little smile. "I'm afraid I can't tell you that, Will," he said.

"Are you fighting the ad agencies or something?" Will said.

"I just can't tell you. And now if you gentlemen will excuse me . . ."

They trooped out and stood on the sidewalk surveying the neighborhood. All around them lawns were trampled down, hedges broken, and flower beds flattened. In the silver moonlight the mauve house stood all alone, bare and indecent beside the gaily lettered and illustrated advertisements on the other houses.

"I say he's some kind of a revolutionary," Johnson said. "Trying to stir up trouble, that's what."

"Well, that's okay," Braun said, "but I wish he'd do it somewhere else."

"It's strange," Will said. "That house looks so strange. It looks like . . . like houses in pictures I've seen in history books."

"Now Will," Johnson said, "Don't you go starting to think of taking the ads off your house. That's what that revolutionary Dussenberry wants you to do."

"I'm not going to do anything," Will said. "But all the same, I sort of like the way that house looks. Without ads I mean."

By Monday morning the newspaper had received so many letters about the house that they set aside a full page for the controversy, including a color photograph of the house itself, and another feature story. Most of the letters were violently against, charging the house owner with every manner of crime.

Jossie gave Will a play-by-play description of the day when he got home from work. At nine the police put up barricades and began directing traffic. By ten the street was already beginning to fill up with people, who parked out beyond the barricades, some as far as six or seven blocks away. The Dussenberrys didn't show their faces, but at noon a group of men went up to the front door and knocked. Charlie Dussenberry answered, and the men started to drag him out into the street, but the police saved him and he went back inside. The police doubled the force on duty. At two what appeared to be a delegation of advertising men went in to talk to Dussenberry. At three a group of women with placards labeling Dussenberry a subversive took position in front of the mauve house and marched for an hour and a half. And all day long the man in the popcorn wagon blew his whistle at irregular intervals.

By the time Will got home from work the crowd was beginning to thin out for

(Continued on page 30)

"Surprise!"

ROLL ON, ROLLS-ROYCE

TO motor car enthusiasts around the world, the name Rolls-Royce is synonymous with the ultimate in quality. The motto of the company—*Whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble*—explains to a great extent how Rolls-Royce, Ltd. earned for its automobile the description "the most perfect manufactured product." Respect for the company motto extends from the lowest employee to the highest.

How Rolls-Royce came into existence is a story of the harmonious blending of the genius and hard work of several gifted men.

Frederick Henry Royce was born in 1863, son of a poor miller of Alwalton, Lincolnshire. His education was limited, but he showed a natural talent for working with machinery and, at fourteen, Royce was taken on as an apprentice mechanic at the Great Northern Railway Works. Living with the Yarrow family near the Works in Peterborough, young Royce learned the art of thorough, painstaking workmanship from Mr. Yarrow.

After three years with Great Northern Royce went up to London to work, starting as a tester with the Electric Light and Power Company. The studies that he had begun with Mr. Yarrow were continued at night at the Polytechnic institute, and with Professor Ayrton. Royce developed into a brilliant electrical and mechanical engineer, and by 1899 was listed as a Member of the Institutes of Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

At the age of twenty-one Royce, whose assets were a sound practical and technical knowledge plus the twenty pounds he had saved, started his own business. As his partner he enlisted A. E. Claremont, possessor of the comparatively magnificent sum of fifty pounds.

In 1894 more partners were taken in and the company was organized as Royce, Ltd., Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, and Manufacturers of Dynamos, Motors and Kindred Articles. Then, in 1903 Royce stunned his partners by announcing that the company was going to make three experimental motor cars. They would have ten horsepower, two-cylinder engines. In the manufacture of automobiles Royce was to find fulfillment.

By 1904 the first car was ready.

The second experimental car appeared soon after the first, and was used by Mr. Claremont for personal transportation. But since this car was also used to test various modifications of its perfectionist designer, Mr. Claremont had a hanson cab follow wherever he drove. Claremont, very patient with his partner, had a sign posted in the auto to save himself from the witty comments of passengers. The sign read: *If the car breaks down, don't ask silly questions.*

Another great motoring personality, the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls, third son of the first Baron Llangattook, had gone into business in Europe as an automobile dealer.

A director of Royce, Ltd. was a personal friend of Rolls, and owned the third of the experimental automobiles. He was able to persuade Rolls to overlook his prejudice against two-cylinder cars, meet Royce in Manchester, and ride in one of the cars.

The result of this meeting and test-ride is automotive history. Rolls found that Royce's engine could outperform the average four-cylinder engine and still be amazingly quiet. Rolls was so impressed that before the end of the year an agreement was signed whereby Royce, Ltd. would supply C. S. Rolls and Company with four types of motor cars, all to bear the name Rolls-Royce.

Royce had great capacity for hard work and gained the respect of his partners and employees.

Rolls combined an adventurous spirit with great charm. His exploits in cycle racing, motor racing and ballooning won for him early fame and many friends and admirers.

The blended talents of Rolls and Royce were augmented by the organizing skill and excellent judgment of an early Rolls partner, Claude Johnson.

The price of today's Rolls-Royce, from $15,000 to $25,000, might be a determining factor in judging the car's quality, but there are more cogent points to consider.

At the northern midlands factory in Crewe, Cheshire, any of the 4300 employees will attest to the care that goes into the construction of each automobile.

The Rolls-Royce parts are made and inspected at Crewe; and the inspection gauges are tested for accuracy once each week. As the parts are assembled onto the frame they are inspected again.

After an engine is completed it is run on the test bench until all inspectors are satisfied with its performance. Every so often an engine is completely dismantled and inspected. If anything is found to be wrong, however slight, all the engines of that group are dismanled and checked.

The body parts are inspected as they are completed, then again as the body is being assembled, and once more after each coat of paint.

After each car has been completed it is road-tested for a minimum of one-hundred miles.

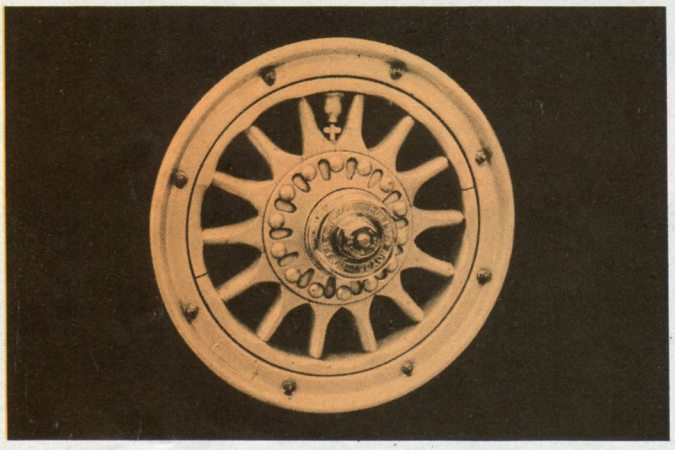
A Rolls-Royce may be obtained in any of sixteen colors, or color combinations. The upholstery, made of eight complete leather hides, and luxurious floor carpeting, are amazingly easy to care for. Interior trim is of French walnut veneer.

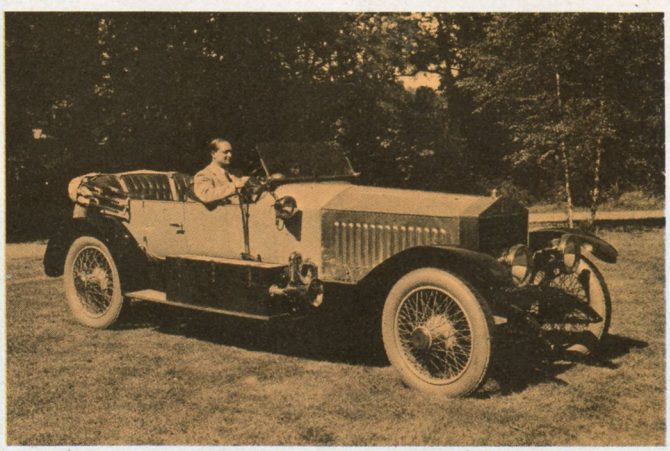
The horse power of the Rolls-Royce is revealed only as being "sufficient." This typically British understatement might well be echoed by any fortunate owner of a Rolls-Royce. □

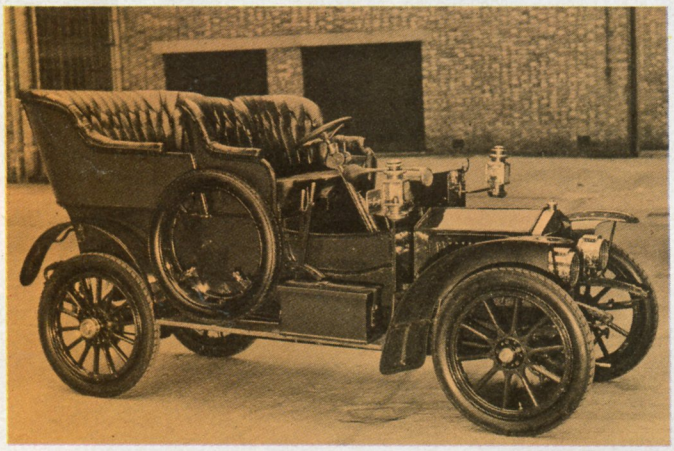
What are fine automobiles made of? Fenders and fins and pepped-up engines? No, there's more, as evidenced by the revered Rolls-Royce of England

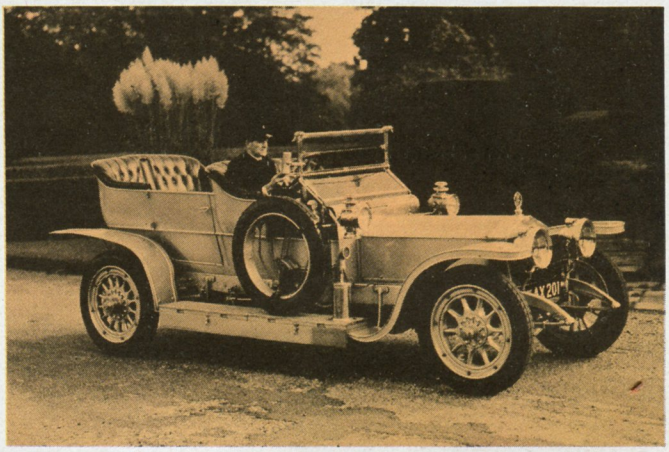
CURT GUNTHER

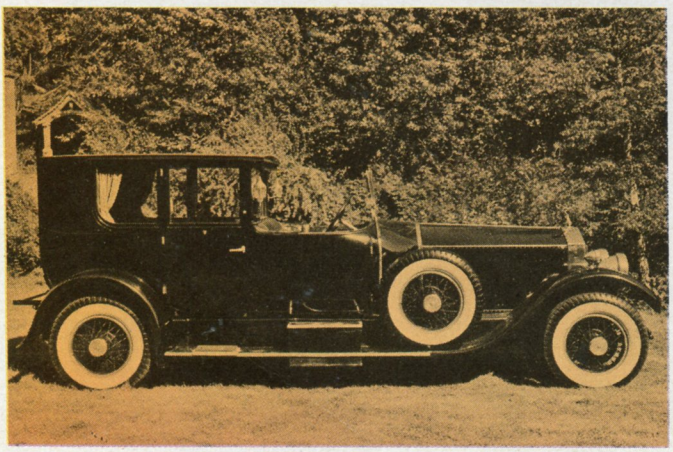
Perhaps the most interesting aspect of Rolls-Royce's fabulous history has been the evolution of the automobile itself, both from the viewpoint of styling and power. In the center photograph on the left column of the page is the ten-horsepowered, two-cylinder model that wowed the car buffs in the year 1905. This model, one of the firm's earliest, is still in perfect running condition today, attesting to the tradition of superb craftsmanship —Rolls-Royce's most famous byword. The photograph at the bottom of the left column of the page is another early model—the Phantom I. It was the first in a series of elegant cars that put the driver up front where he belonged and the fortunate passengers comfortably behind. In the photograph at the top of the right hand column is the 1914 Silver Ghost Alpine Eagle, Rolls-Royce's first convertible. This model lost none of its dignity by being somewhat sporty. Even during the First World War, in which the company's top engineers and workers immediately enlisted, the product was still perfect. The culmination of styling was reached in 1924 with the fine Landaulette, shown in the bottom right hand column photograph.

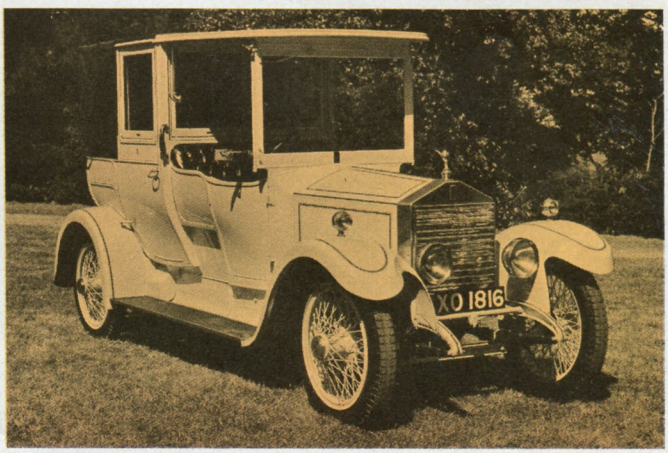




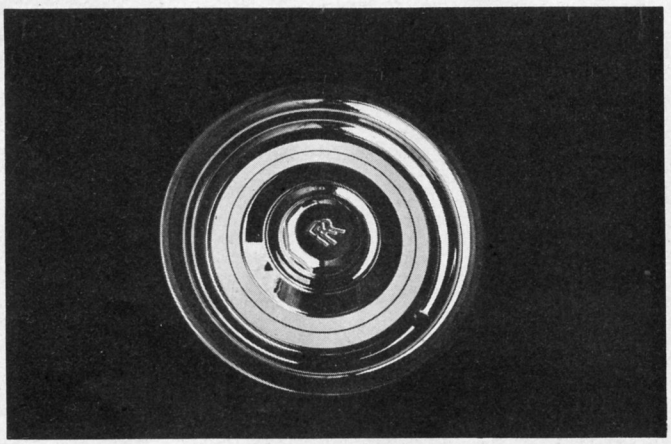


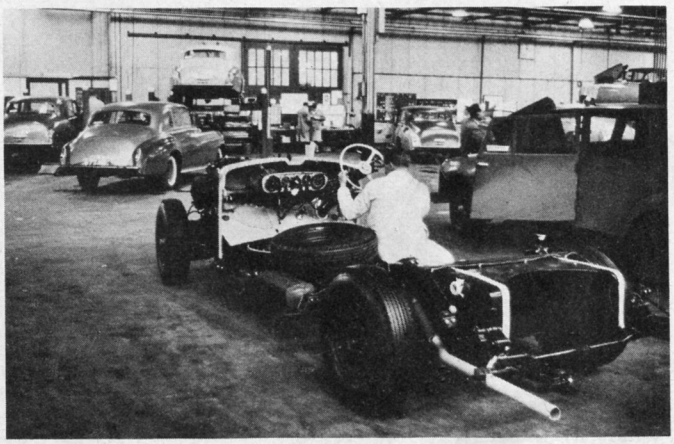


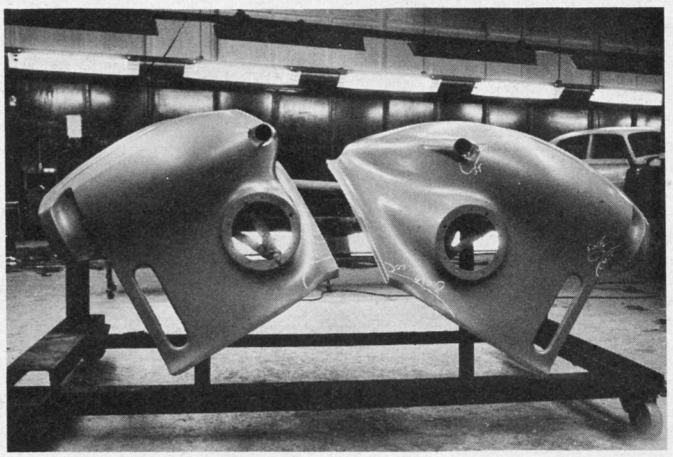


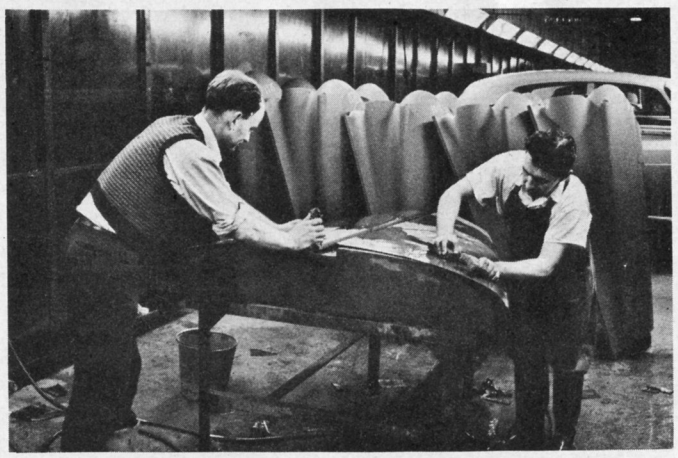


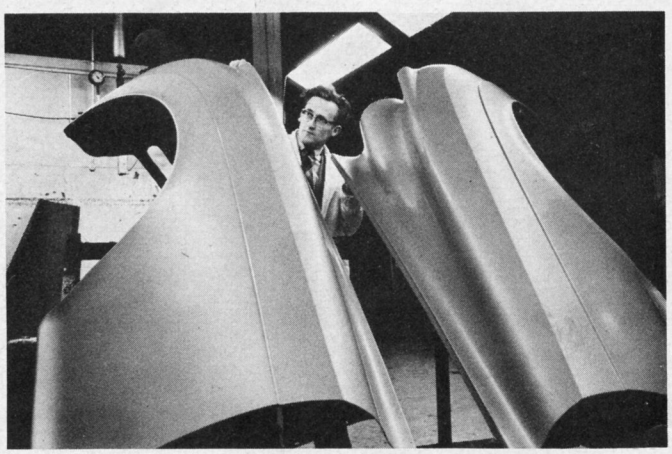
A Rolls-Royce executive was once quoted as saying, "No defective auto could ever leave the plant because the guard would not allow it to pass through the gates." This statement perfectly describes the attitude of the Rolls-Royce employees. The plant itself, though using the most modern equipment available, has the quiet, purposeful atmosphere of a small craftsman's shop. Much of the labor is hand-work, rather than assembly-line production. There is no such thing as spot-inspection at Rolls-Royce. Every body part is meticulously inspected before and during assembly. As each engine is completed it is tested to the satisfaction of not one, but several engineers. Nothing is left to chance. Every Rolls-Royce is subjected to a test-run of at least one-hundred miles, with an inspector and a chief inspector as passengers. Not the slightest flaw is allowed to pass their methodical eyes and ears. A stethoscope is applied to the gearbox to make certain there is no risk of transmission noise reaching the car's interior. A recent ad states that the only sound a passenger hears in a Rolls running at normal speed is the ticking of the dashboard clock.

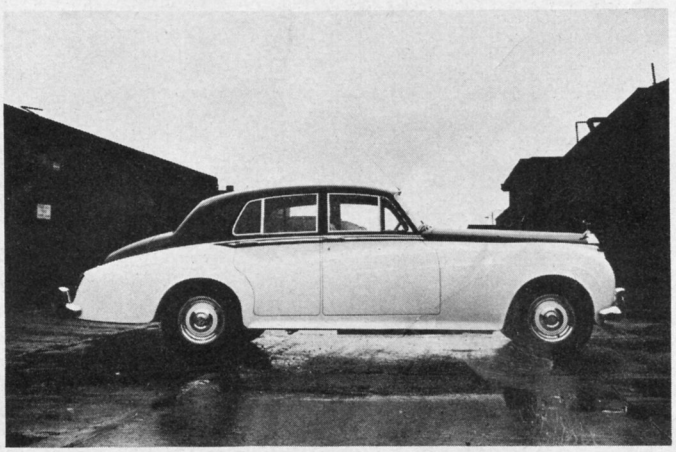












When Rose came to from the overdose, she looked at me and said softly, "Why don't you make believe?" BY CARL EISENGER

2ND CHANCE FOR A JUNKIE

WE all were excited. First the money: chases down department store aisles, haggling with blasé barbers. "I can't give ya more than a third. This crap won't move." Scoring: the calls, the corner, the cold coffee, and the clock. Faces: the dealer, the fuzz, the man, the gay spade, and the local Italian (all who think of themselves as being on another exchange).

It happens. The package is dropped in the dawn's greasy light. The money is passed on the hottest corner, naturally. A sense of what is fitting. Our little band is off. Boys and girls together. On to East Seventh between New York's First and Second Avenue.

Grime in the street. The Sanitation Department does their best. This is no social tract. We don't see it. It's lovely. Churchbells ding dong the dragnet tune.

Five of us: Big Mike from the West Coast. He's handsome, has a sense of humor, is resourceful. Wants to be a fun-loving rover but too involved in his society. Result of a stable childhood. Artie: The Talmudic type of Jew. Always looks like he has yellow jaundice. Gives the world a stand-up ferrety look in the eye. Our female complement: Mary (it's true). A pock-marked bull dyke. Did wire-hanger sculpturing. Did exhibitions when she could get a partner, which was rare. A big-hearted girl. The ornament was Rose. Tall, blonde, a sometimes model. She brought a breath of the larger world into our small gathering. The narrator will remain temporarily anonymous. I'll try to come on a little later.

We got to the pad (try to remember that all use of the argot is designed to give a feeling of immediacy, of a living reality—resentment is in poor taste). Artie climbed through the window and let the rest of us in. None of us lived there. It's better that way. Mike laid the works and the junk out on a filthy table. He always carried them. He was the leader.

We bent over the table and closely examined the junk. We kept a sharp eye on each other.

Mary whispered hoarsely, "It looks like a very good quarter."

Artie sneered. "Looks . . . What's the difference how it looks. It's probably all milk sugar. Or worse," Artie hinted darkly. Artie had a keen sense of being discriminated against.

Mike paid no attention to the chatter and went straight to work.

(Continued on page 36)

BARBARA NESSIM

"One way, please."

A ringing protest by one who's found that a door in the hand is worth two in the face. **BILL HELMER**

PUSH-AND-SHOVE

OPENING doors is not such a complicated operation that a person ordinarily takes much pride in it, which makes it all the more humiliating for those of us who can't seem to do it right. So whenever I rush up to the swinging, plate-glass type, I always stop and repeat, "A door in the hand is worth two in the face." Then I patiently figure out the best way to get the thing open.

The conventional wooden-door-with-knob is never a problem—its simple construction and straightforward design make its direction of swing obvious to even the most distracted of threshold-crossers. The trouble is with those plate-glass double doors whose concealed hinges and locks and strangely-designed handles invariably frustrate my efforts to get them open on the first try. Or even the second try, since the side I first choose usually turns out to be securely bolted, and the other side opens opposite the way I try to do it. Not every time, perhaps, but at least eighty per cent of the time, which is far too high an incidence not to imply that something is fundamentally wrong either with me or with the whole concept of one-way swinging glass doors.

The magnitude of this problem can be better understood if I recreate the exasperating little drama that regularly unfolds before the incredulous eyes of bystanders who happen to witness my efforts to enter, say, a drug store.

Confronting the double glass doors, mind absorbed in other matters, I instinctively push against the right-hand door (the *natural* thing to do) and bump my forehead against the unyielding glass. Embarrassed (people around me always snicker), I try to conceal my blunder by quickly pulling the door, as if that had been my plan all along and I had just been getting some leverage. Again it doesn't budge. Rattled, I think that maybe I didn't push hard enough the first time. I push harder. *No.* I pull harder. *No.* Finally I pause, step back, collect my wits, bring my thoughts into focus, and discover that taped to the inside of the glass at eye-level is a sign: "Please Use Other Door."

It is only after I attack the other door—tugging and shoving—that I discover the store is closed, and the manager is coming to see what all the racket is about. On a really bad day I succeed in tripping the burglar alarm.

Probably some people would smugly declare that *they* avoid this problem simply by reading the instruction to either push or pull and then doing what it says, and I suppose this system works well enough for people who have nothing more important to think about. However, I am no Pavlov's dog. My mind is continually grappling with problems on a cosmic scale, and, like a delicately tuned racing-car engine, it idles poorly and tends to foul its plugs when operated at too low a speed. ("Now what was it that I was supposed to remember to remind myself not to forget to pick up?") Unless a glass door is conspicuously equipped with a large handle on one side and none on the other, I am already upon the door—tugging and shoving—before my mind gears down enough to rationally engage the matter of push versus pull.

The thing is, PUSH and PULL are such familiar words and are seen backwards as often as forwards on glass doors, so they fail to communicate. For every PUSH there is a HSUP, and since either form is understandable from my having seen them so often, to obey them I would have to pursue a tedious chain of reasoning something like this: Let's see, LLUP, that's PULL spelled backwards, so it means the guy on the other side of the door is supposed to pull, which means I'm supposed to push, but it doesn't say PUSH—it doesn't say anything—so evidently I'm supposed to use the other door. Let's see, it says HSUP. That's PUSH spelled frontwards, so . . . .

You see my problem.

I suspect this thing I have about swinging glass doors traces back to my early childhood when such doors were something of a novelty, and I once tried to run through one of them and bashed my little nose. Another time I tried to push open a particularly heavy glass door, got my head through, and then lacked leverage to keep it from closing again. These experiences probably instilled in me a subconscious fear of swinging glass doors which today manifests itself as stupidity.

The problem is limited to push-pull doors, however, which would imply the severity of those early traumas, or at least my extensive inability to cope with modern doors. Automatic doors also give me trouble. Confronted by one of these devices, I always shudder at the possibility of blundering into the exit side (EXIT versus TIXE, the same old thing) and being knocked back out into the street. The prospect of engaging revolving doors fills me with even greater dread. In nightmares I see myself caught in their thrashing blades which cease to revolve only after they have become hopelessly tangled in a gory web of tripe.

The terminal building at Love Field in Dallas has an unusual type of swinging glass door that once confounded me during a

stopover, but I was later amused to watch them frustrate other people who obviously thought they understood such things. To all appearances they were ordinary single glass doors which one pushed (or pulled) open in the usual manner—which they were. Once open, however, some cleverly concealed mechanism went into operation which prevented them from closing again for several seconds, presumably to allow a person to drag his baggage through.

This might seem a nice feature, and theoretically it is, the only trouble being that anybody who was not born in a barn received careful childhood training in the idea of always shutting doors after him. (Closa door y'let the *flies* in!" was Mother's gentle reminder.) Consequently, most people who aren't familiar with Love Field doors will open one, walk through, and then politely try to close it behind him—which effort the door resists vigorously until ready to close of its own accord. The sight of fine ladies and prosperous businessmen grunting against an obstinate door filled me with a sort of amused sympathy; they were always a little embarrassed, and I wanted to tell them that I, at least, understood.

Not being the sort to complain about something without proposing a solution, I submit that the problem—the menace—of push-pull swinging glass doors could be alleviated merely by standardizing them according to natural inclination. And the natural inclination, as any fool knows, is to *push* swinging doors; to simply *shove on in* like in the old saloons, rather than approach, stop, grasp, back up, pull, hold, and then walk through while watching over one's shoulder to insure that a person behind doesn't walk smack into the sharp edge as it swings closed.

Better still, make both doors push both ways! Let it become a universal law that swinging doors shall swing in *both* directions, so that a person need not trouble himself to even consider the matter, knowing that he is assured of reaching his destination by means of a simple, universal push. Or even a pull, if his conscience so dictates. (I deny no man his right to harmless perversions.) Moreover, suitable legislation could be enacted to forbid the locking of one side of a double door, unless it first be covered with tar and painted with conspicuous yellow stripes.

A few reactionaries may argue that unrestricted door-pushing could result in the occasional flattening of persons on the other side of the door, no doubt citing the danger to kindly little old ladies for their emotional appeal. We can but scoff, however. Should the automobile and the airplane have been banned because of occasional accidents? Shall we discontinue space flights if we one day fry an astronaut? It is the same thing with tomorrow's universally swinging doors. We'll pay for progress in bruised noses. □

Mauve House *(Continued from page 20)*

dinner, so he managed to find a parking space only three blocks away. But after dinner the traffic picked up again, groups of people walking up and down the street to look at the house.

"It's funny how much attention people are paying," Will said to Jossie. "You'd think it was a national catastrophe instead of just a house without ads."

"Well, they're curious," Jossie said. "And the paper has been giving it such a big play it would make anybody interested."

"Listen, honey," Will said, "what do you think about it?"

"About what? The house? I think it's a lot of trouble for us."

"Yeh, but what do you think about the house being without ads?"

"I guess it's okay. It looks strange."

"It looks good to me."

"Do you really like it?"

"Well, it looks more natural. I hadn't thought about it before, but I don't see why we have to have ads plastered on our house. It would be nice to be able to look out the windows sometimes."

"All you could see would be other houses with advertising."

"Maybe. But it would be light and airy."

"Are you thinking of doing it to our house, Will?"

"I don't know. I don't see how we could afford it. The ads pay us pretty well. No, I was just thinking about how it looks."

"Martha Johnson says Dussenberry is some kind of a revolutionary," Jossie said. "She and Paul are afraid you're going to fall for his line and take the ads off his house. They say he's a communist or something, plotting to undermine our free enterprise system."

"No, I'm not going to do anything," Will said. "I'm nobody's dupe."

But that night he lay awake for a long time, thinking about how the house next door looked, all its lines and angles visible, every window clear and unencumbered. He tried to remember back to his boyhood when only a few houses had ads, and he thought of the country where you never saw an ad except on a farm house or barn. When he finally fell asleep he dreamed of wandering through a cool forest, far from any people. He felt free and happy, and Jossie was with him.

The story broke in the next morning's paper. Half the entertainment page was taken up by a full color ad, featuring a picture of the mauve house, and under it the headlines:

THE MAUVE HOUSE
THRILLS!! CHILLS!! SUSPENSE!!
A CINEMA-UNIVERSE PRODUCTION
STARRING CLAUDE HOLT &
BELVA BLAKE
OPENS TODAY AT THE PARAMOUNT
THEATER—SEE IT!

And the house next door was now solidly edged with advertisements that bolted to the sides of the building. The house itself was still visible, but there were now more ads fastened to it than to any house on the block. Ads proclaiming the thrilling merits of THE MAUVE HOUSE, a suspense movie.

Will barely managed to get out through the crowd to get to work. When he got home he found Jossie and Johnson and Braun all sitting in his living room, and with them the Dussenberrys.

"Here's your check for the damage to your front yard," Charlie Dussenberry said. "I'm sorry we caused you so much trouble. Just a job, you know. Norma and I travel around the country doing this promotion stunt for the picture. Why we've been on the move for nearly a year now."

"Isn't that something Will?" Paul Johnsonsaid. "Real smart advertising I say. When everybody has ads, the best ad is no ad at all."

"What I don't understand," Al Braun said, "is how you can be sure there'll be a big controversy about it so you'll get enough attention."

"Well, we prime the pump a little," Dussenberry said. "Have a few of our people write letters to the editor and pay a feature writer to do a story."

"That's something," Johnson said. "And to think I thought you were some kind of an anti-advertising subversive or something."

"That's a good one," Dussenberry said. "I'm really an ad man myself."

"Yeh, and better than that," Johnson said, "Will here was getting ready to tear all the ads off his house."

"No I wasn't," Will said.

"Maybe not, but you kind of liked the idea. You said so."

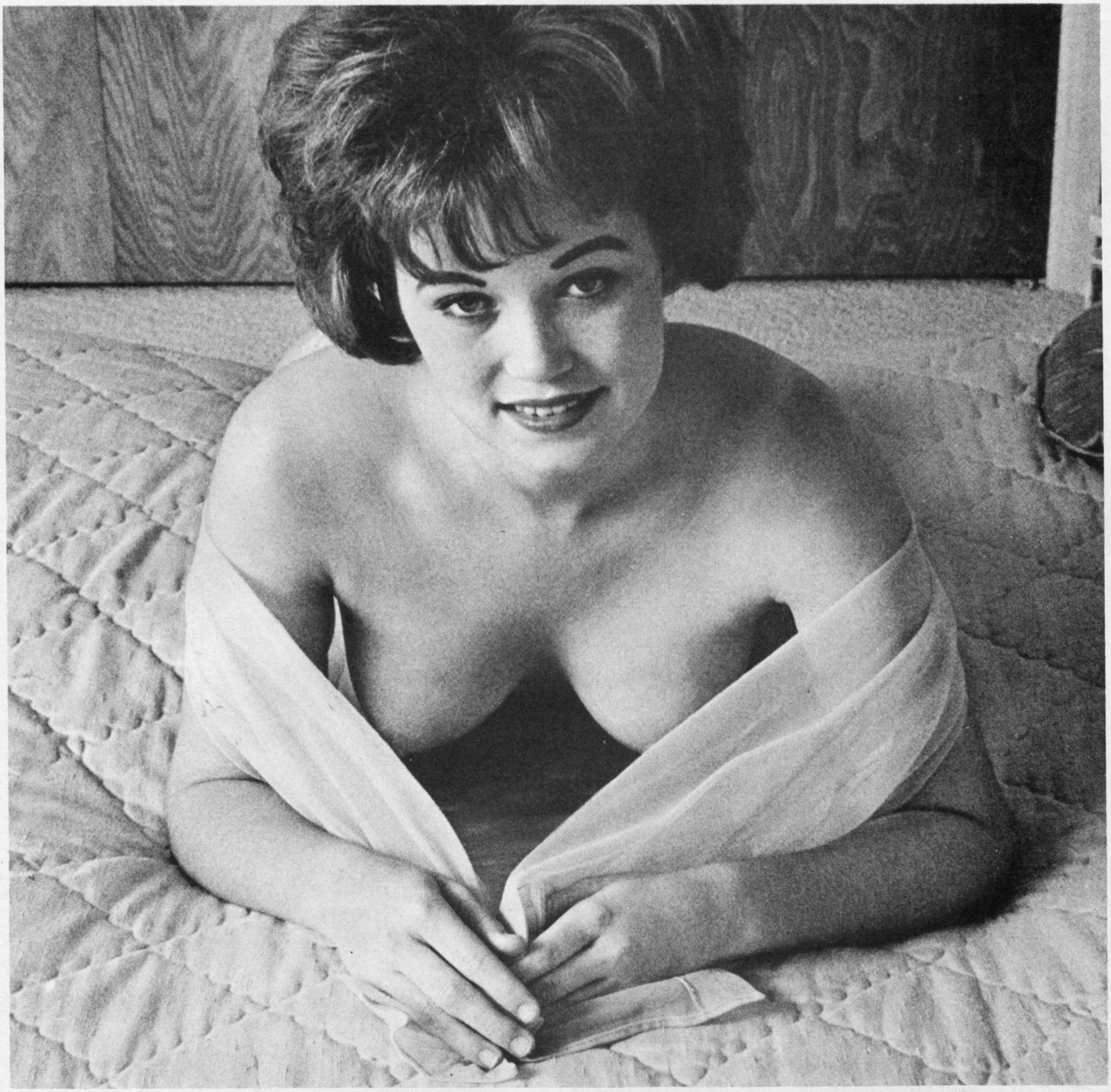
"Maybe," Will said, "But I wasn't planning to do anything. I was just thinking about how it looked. I certainly wasn't going to be tricked into doing anything like that."

Then Johnson and Braun and the Dussenberrys left, and he and Jossie ate dinner, and about ten o'clock he felt tired. Because of all the excitement he told Jossie, but he knew in his heart that it wasn't the excitement. It was the deep and painful sense of loss he felt. The sense of having been defrauded and betrayed.

He went to bed early and all night long he dreamed he was in a jungle of ads and singing commercials and shouting announcers. And in the morning he awoke with a stifling sense of anger at the entire world, an anger that only began to soften when he saw the first of the ads fall shredded to his front lawn under the savage attack of his claw hammer and prying bar. □

Melody

In the spring, Melody Powell's fancy turns to thoughts of the outdoors. During the long cold winters she likes to cook unusual, exotic foods and try them out on her boy friends. None of them seem to mind, says Melody, since they all come back for more. In the spring, however, it's off with the apron, on with the blue jeans, and out to the garden. Another Melody is added to those of the birds and bees.



Once out-of-doors, what to do? Well, Melody likes to pick daisies and play he-loves-me, he-loves-me-not; romp barefoot through grass that is still damp with early-morning dew; swing from a low-hanging willow branch, then rest quietly in the cool shade of the tallest tree she can find. There she may weave necklaces of daisies, or simply gaze far up into the green leaves and dream of next winter's recipes.

Melody's little-girl smile, wheelbarrow antics and love of nature cannot disguise a certain sophistication that can transform her from backyard nymph to indoor siren. From blue jeans and garden, to evening gown and night club dance floor comes as naturally to Melody as the metamorphosis of caterpillar into butterfly. She deserves a symphony-length chorus of ooh's and aah's, and one quiet sigh.

SULLIVAN AND REGAS

It was one of the reasons why Mike was our leader. He took out a razor blade and gathered the white flaky powder into a small symmetrical mound. We were attention incarnate. He plunged the blade into the mound and pulled some of the junk toward him. It was understood that he was to get the lion's share, but still . . .

"Man," said Artie. "I mean man."

I kept an inscrutable smile on my face.

Mike smiled. "O, man," said Mike, "you know how it is."

"Like I know," said Artie, "but, man, we all got big eyes."

Rose was twisting her hands. "Don't hassle," said Rose. "I mean don't hassle now."

Mike was already sweeping the junk into a spoon and adding water to it from an eyedropper.

"Who's got a piece of cotton?" asked Mike.

Mary bent down and pulled off a piece of cotton from underneath the tongue of her shoe. "Here, Mike."

For a dyke, she was very nice to men. She may have been so much of a dyke that she made a full circle. A fairy dyke.

Mike rolled up his sleeve and held his arm out to Rose. "Tie me."

Rose took off a thin leather belt and wound it tightly around Mike's upper arm.

Artie was pacing the floor. "I can't make it, man. I can't watch anyone else getting on."

I watched Artie to make sure he didn't go near the rest of the junk.

Mike delicately probed with the needle. Success. Mike could hit fast. He could hit so fast and so casually that he'd sometimes take off in the middle of a crowd. It was an eccentricity of his. Just as some people like to ball in Grand Central Station, or on subway cars. It all adds kicks.

"Loosen it," said Mike.

The fine red blood ran up into the eyedropper. Mike squeezed the pacifier and it all went into his arm. He didn't play with it. He knew we were waiting. Impatiently.

"How is it?" asked Rose. "How is it?"

Mike's face had begun to sag, his head to nod, his hand drooped down to scratch his ankle.

"It's not bad now," said Mike.

Mike began to methodically clean the needle.

"Next," said Rose. "Let me make it next."

Mike grunted and walked over to the pile of junk. He studied it for a moment before cutting off a share for Rose.

Artie was still pacing around the room. "What a drag. Just because she's a broad."

Rose looked at the portion Mike had given her. "O, man. It won't even get my sick off. It won't even get my sick off."

Mike scraped off another infinitesimal amount for her with the razor blade.

"O, man," said Rose.

"You're always falling out," said Mike. "You make it uptown and then come downtown and fall out."

"O, man," said Rose.

"Cool it," said Mike. "You're fall-out prone. You're emotionally unstable."

I flashed that inscrutable smile. Rose began to cook up. Rose made it. Her eyes went back into her head. She went to her knees.

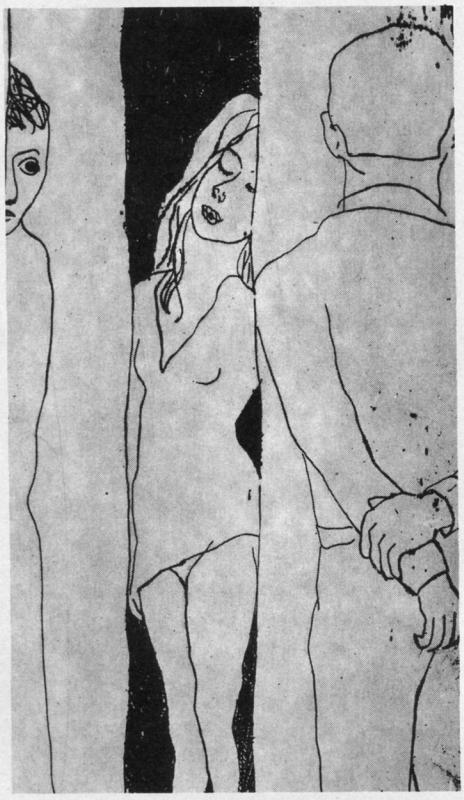
"Crazy flash," said Rose.

"Man," said Artie in disgust. "She's done it again."

Rose was flat on the floor.

Mike bent down and felt for her pulse. "Nothing's happening."

"Let's split," said Artie. This was another reason why we used someone else's pad.



"No, man," said Mike. "We're down here together."

"Man," sneered Artie, "you're coming on politically. I'm splitting."

Mike lifted Rose's dress over her head to give her artificial respiration.

Artie stopped at the door. Rose had no underwear on.

"Crazy," said Artie. He came back into the room.

"Poor baby," said Mary. She moved closer to the recumbent Rose.

Rose was very tall and naturally blonde. My smile was a little tight. That portion of Rose's anatomy which is of exceeding interest to the present generation was perkily jutting up. The light softly bathed the twin orbs. My mouth was dry.

Mike was straddling her, working his hands below her rib cage. "Nothing's happening."

The situation was provocative. It had a certain undefinable charm.

Artie caught Mary's eye. I knew what they were thinking.

"Why don't we like make it," said Artie.

"I never knew you had eyes," said Mike coldly.

"O, man," said Artie. "It's like different now."

"The poor baby," said Mary. "She always wanted to make the scene. She wouldn't even know what was happening."

Mike got up. We all stood around Rose in a circle.

"I put it down," said Mike. "We won't make it."

Artie started to laugh. "O, man, how you come on. You mean you can't make it. You're already high."

"The poor baby," said Mary. She was stroking Rose's rump.

"Cool it," said Mike. "We're not moving from here."

Mary stopped. She had a hurt expression on her face.

"He comes on with all the moral jazz," said Artie, "only when he can't make it."

"I could make it other ways," said Mike with dignity. "It's aesthetic with me."

Mike reached down to cover Rose with her dress.

"Like who are you to put it down for us?" asked Artie. "The rest of us got eyes."

Mike turned to me. "Man, it's a drag. I'll leave it with you."

They all turned to me. Mike looked weary. Mary anxious. I could see Artie's nose twitching. I had to come on. I had to swing with what was in my soul. We all stood frozen around the golden girl. It was a tableau. It was my moment. I was living.

Suddenly there was a small noise. We looked down. Rose began to stir. The moment —my moment—had passed.

"Crazy flash," said Rose.

"You took an o.d.," said Mike.

"Crazy," said Rose.

"We almost made it," said Mike.

"Made it?" asked Rose.

"With you," said Mike. "We thought you checked out."

"And?" asked Rose.

Mike looked at me. "We left it with him."

Rose looked at me. "I freeze," I said. "I can't make decisions."

Rose looked at Mike and Artie and Mary and then back to me. She stretched out on the floor and shut her eyes.

"Make believe," said Rose.

I felt a rush of affection for Rose. She was giving me another chance. □

"I'm afraid he worked on that Madison Avenue job too long."

FIGOMAG

For a broad but two inches high, she had some pretty tall ideas about murder. *JAMES VAN WAGONER*

"YOU'VE come from Mars, then?" I said.

"Yes, from Mars." She was a tiny creature, perhaps two inches high, with golden skin and a kind of spangled bikini that caught the fading twilight and shimmered it in my eyes. She settled herself comfortably on the inner edge of the kitchen window and gave her attention to my washing of the dinner dishes.

"I have a sneaking suspicion," I said, rinsing off an unbreakable plastic plate and slipping it carefully in the drainer, "that you're a figomag."

As if this certainly required some consideration, she crossed her legs and propped her tiny chin on a fist. "All right," she said after a thoughtful moment. "I give up. What's a figomag?"

"It's short for a figment of my imagination," I said. "I'm always having them. Keeps my mind off my wife."

Her golden skin blushed to bronze. "I know," she said, looking down embarrassedly. "I've memorized your case history."

"What on earth for?" I said.

"Not on earth," she corrected, "Mars. Your wife's been taking advantage of you because you're basically weak. But we'll fix that."

"Look," I said irritably. "I'm trying to forget about my wife. That's why you're here."

"It's marvy,' she smiled, "your thinking I'm a—what was it —a figomag."

I bent closer to admire her teeth. They were very straight and white, and her smile was so infectious I had to grin back.

"If I'd known," she said, "I wouldn't have bothered with the bikini." She looked just a shade disappointed. "I was going to entice you with it."

"You do! You do!" I said so eagerly that she drew back a bit on the window ledge. "It's very fetching. I'm delighted I thought it up."

She put up a little hand about the size of a mustard seed to smother her laughter as if she were enjoying some secret joke. Then quite abruptly she stopped, her eyes glancing furtively about the kitchen. "She *is* where I think she is, isn't she?"

"Who?" I said.

"Your wife, of course."

"Now listen," I said angrily, suddenly reminded that she had left me with the dishes to "borrow" something from our lascivious neighbor, whom she was no doubt successfully seducing at this very moment. "I want you to stop bringing up my wife."

She seemed bewildered. "But I want to help you."

"You do, huh?" I regarded her doubtfully.

Her nod was so emphatic that I immemiately felt ashamed for having questioned her intentions. "Well," I covered up lamely, "if you really want to help me, don't talk about my wife. I'd rather just forget about her."

"Oh good!" she exclaimed merrily. Then, apparently catching herself, she smiled at me cryptically.

"Tell me about Mars," I said. I dumped the knives and forks in the water and waited. After a few moments, during which she seemed to be lost in some blissful reverie of her own, I prodded her. "Well," I said, "how goes it up there?"

She shrugged as if there was nothing else for it, and her bare shoulders moved so enticingly I thought of stroking them with my finger. But I got hold of myself by quickly grabbing the sponge and started to scour some dried egg yolk from the tongs of a fork. I waited for her to go on.

"It's marvy," she said with a faint twinge of nostalgia in her voice. "I mean absolutely."

"For instance?"

She twitched her bottom several times as if trying to settle more comfortably on the ledge, then tilted her pearl-sized head in a reflective pose. "Well," she said, "if you're looking for a for-instance, let's take autumn."

"I'd rather not," I said. "I met my wife then, and I always remember it as . . ."

She was paying not the slightest attention. Her eyes dreamy, she went right on. "Autumn," she said, "and a college campus. There's something about that combination."

"Moves you where?" I said, scrubbing industriously on a greasy fork.

"Do you want to hear about it or not?" She flared, lifting one delicate leg on the ledge as if about to rise. The pinpoint irises of her blue eyes began to dilate and contract like spinning discs in a shooting gallery.

"Wait a minute," I said quickly. "I'm with you. It's just

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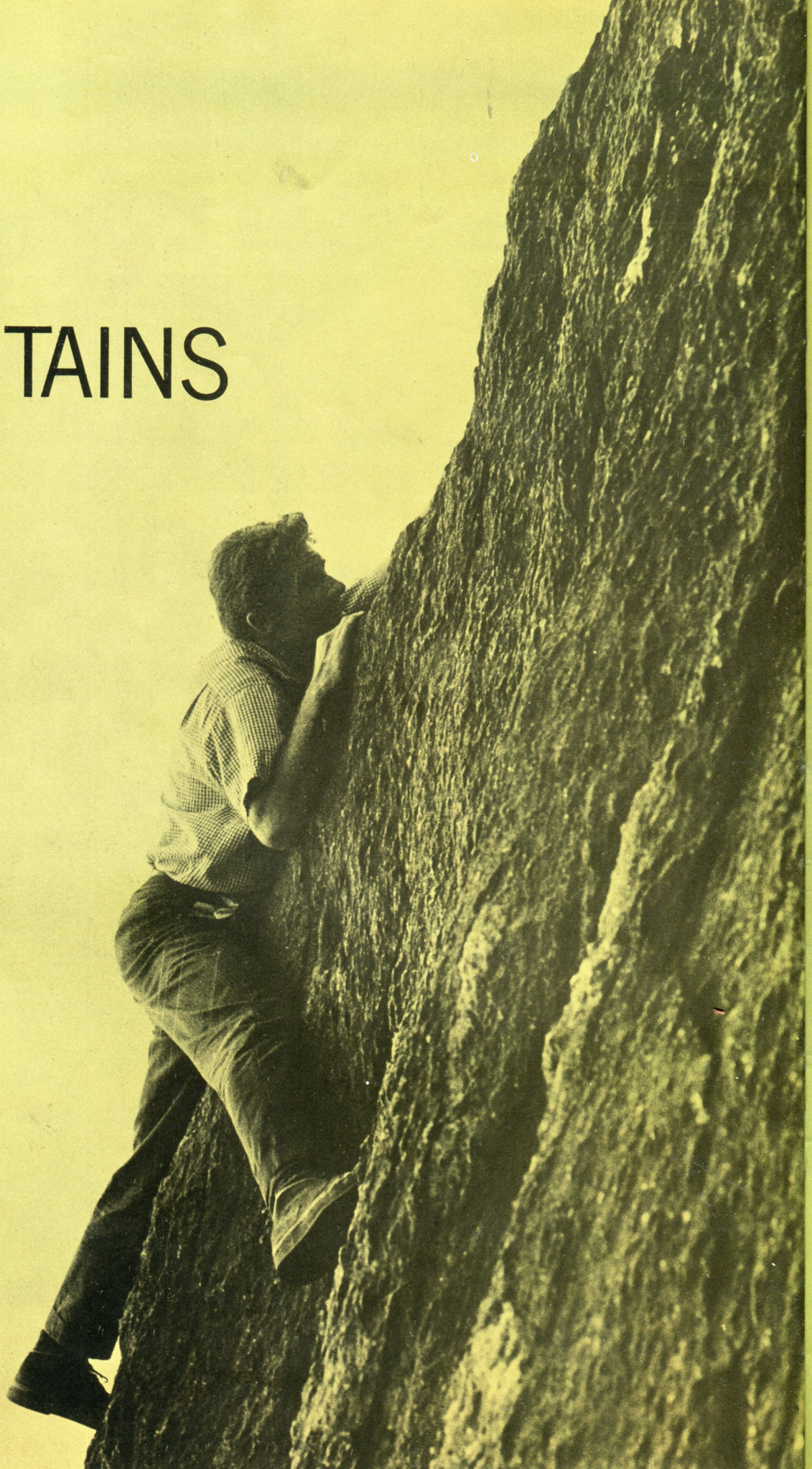
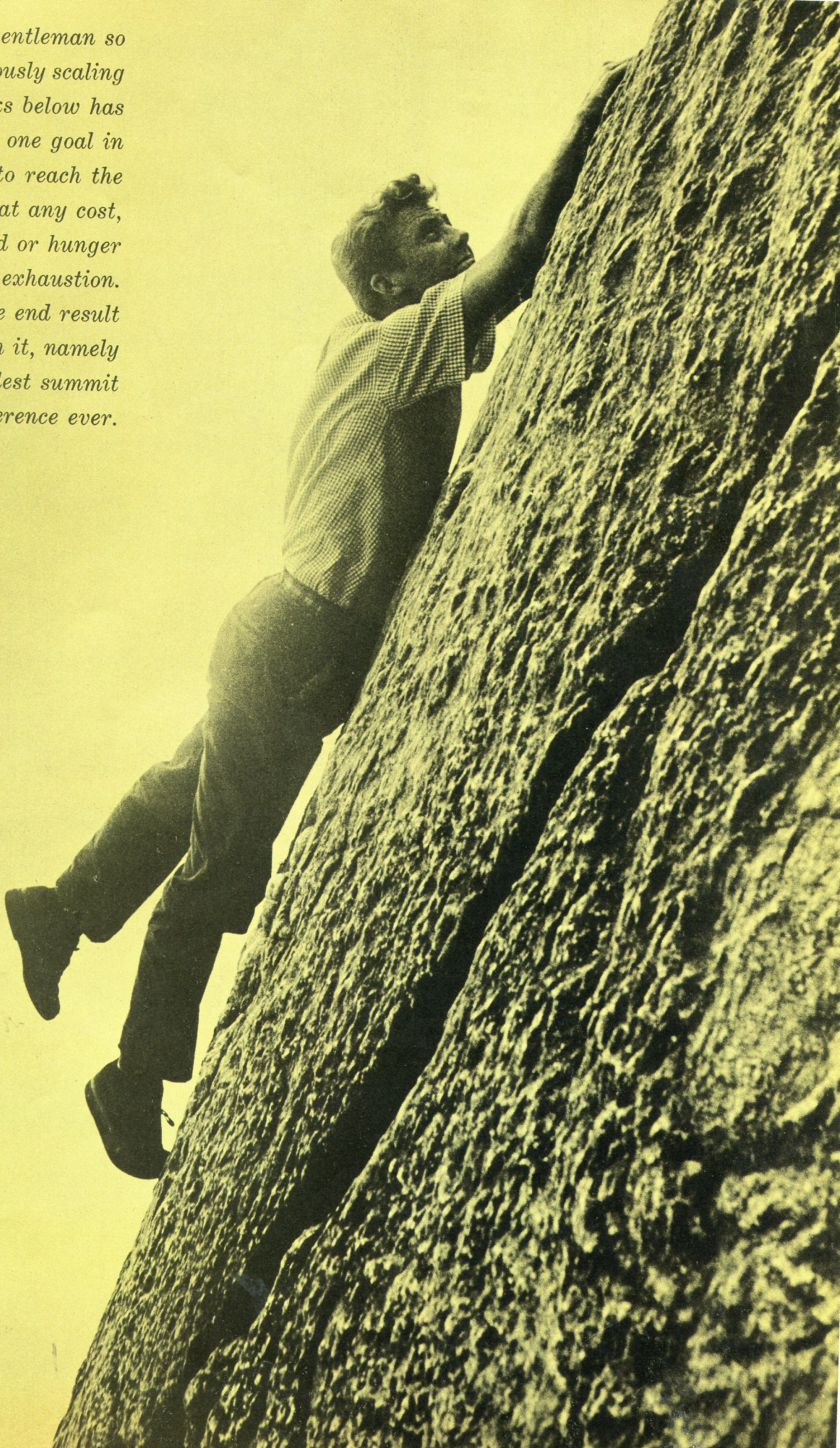
WHY MEN CLIMB MOUNTAINS



DONALD LOOMIS

The gentleman so assiduously scaling the rocks below has only one goal in mind: to reach the top at any cost, be it cold or hunger or exhaustion. But the end result is worth it, namely the wildest summit conference ever.



THE AFTERMATH

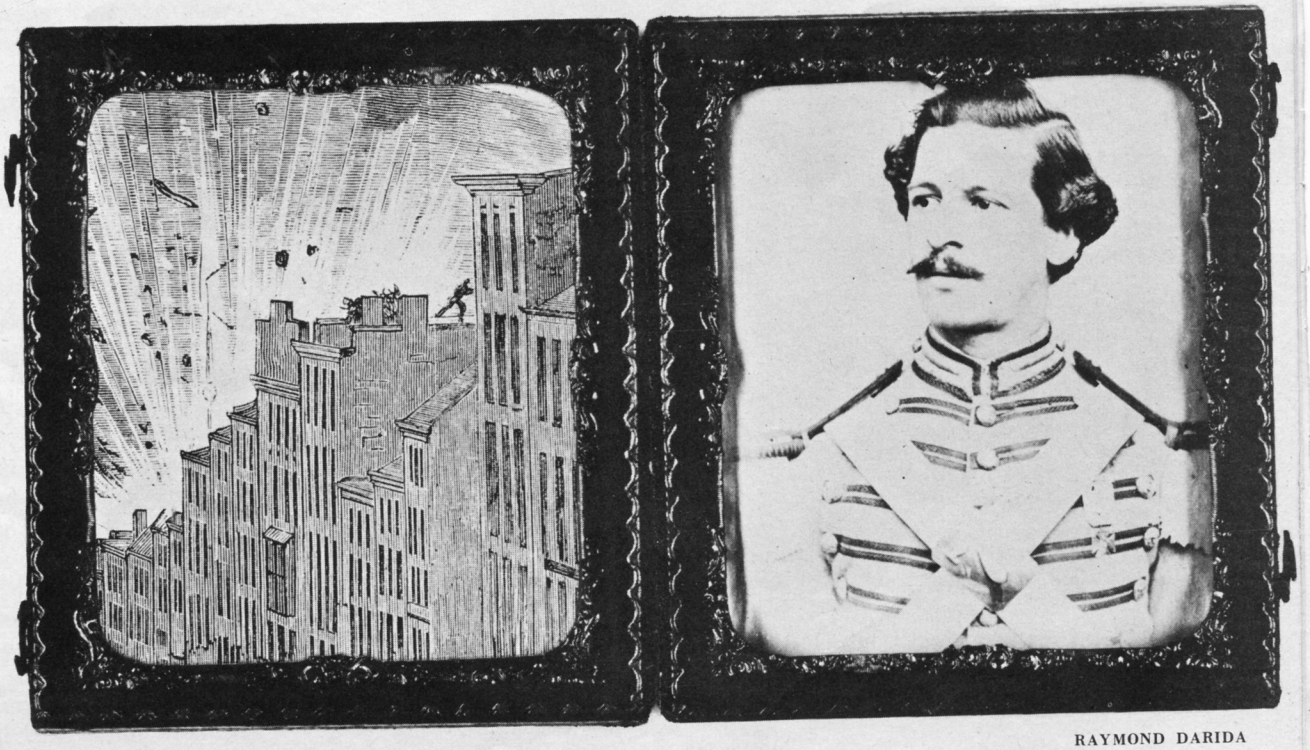
Yankee Doodle came back to her—only to find that Johnny Reb had come marching home too.

by Michael Zuroy

A limber, narrow-faced Yankee with eyes sharp for a chance, he went back a couple of years after Appomattox because ruined Southerners were selling their property for a song and he meant to get his share. Inevitably, in the course of his business, he guided his dappled gray onto the familiar Carolina road where once he'd had the war adventure.

The sun was lazy hot, the road dusty, and a few hundred yards along was the bend, and beyond the bend the house where he'd spent the night with the Rebel woman. He'd been scurrying for his life that night, a lone Yankee scout on foot hunted by the Rebs, who knew his mission and had been out for blood.

It must be here that he'd hidden in the thicket—small reprieve—and watched a troop of Rebel cavalrymen pound past. The officer's face had been softened by the moonlight, rocky chin and high-bridged nose melted, eyes shadowed and sorrowful, and the sorrow was not with mercy; it was for death. He knew this officer in a



RAYMOND DARIDA

rare manner. Earlier, they'd had a few moments of hand-to-hand struggle. He'd broken away, because that was his job, to get away, but that fleeting combat had brought them to a sharper intimacy than a year of friendship or a month of love. Yes, he was acquainted with the Rebel officer.

He'd taken a chance and followed within earshot of the drumming hoofs. Distance mattered. But other troops were beating the countryside for him, and he felt that his luck was running out. And then, around the bend, there was this house. It was sedate and peaceful under the moon; it looked like sanctuary. He had an instinct for the place, together with the practical thought that a hostage could be taken and people made to hide him. He went in.

The woman was alone. It was as though she had been waiting. She was tall, with hair the color of perique, eyes like forest shadow where odd things might lurk. A look was enough.

"They're hunting you," she said. "I watched them."

He said, "You'll hide me here."

She looked at his blue uniform and laughed in an excited ripple. "You're an enemy. Why should I?"

"Possibly because you're afraid of me."

"Possibly," she said. "Possibly because war is boring. I don't have to play the silly game, if it doesn't suit me. I might find it diverting to help a desperate Yankee. What difference can one man make?"

Ah, he'd thought, if she only knew. The information he was trying to get back to the Union lines was worth an army. Under cover of darkness he'd slipped into Confederate territory and spent a day at a vantage point in the hills. He'd discovered the Rebel weakness.

"No difference," he said.

She moved very close to him. "However"—her voice was a dark caress—"I wouldn't, if it were not you. You're quite handsome."

She had a lovely female passion. Her room was spiced with scent. The deceptive slimness of her body held an abundance; under his fingers a smoothness beyond silk, in his sight cream under moonglow. It was a night that had been an instant and also a hundred years. No matter how many nights there had been or would be, this one was the one he would recall in his many, secret times of dreaming.

The hunters had come, yes, with a thudding of hoofs and a flicker of lantern light under the windows. There had been men's voices downstairs and her voice clear and definite, and he had sat, unclothed, with a pistol in his hand wondering what she meant to do with him. But the hunters had departed. When she returned to him, she said, the shadows shifting in her eyes, "The danger makes love better, more exciting, doesn't it?"

He'd laughed and asked whether she had a husband.

"Yes," she answered. "A brave, dull man. He's with the army, of course." The shadows danced. "I see him from time to time." Soft weight leaned upon his bare chest and slowly he sunk and the smooth silk slid over his skin.

He'd left before dawn. She'd found some old working-clothes for him. They'd said good-bye with tight, meaningful smiles and quite simply he'd made it back to his lines and safety.

Now, the war over, the wounded Carolina countryside lying peaceful and dazed around him, he was again approaching her house. It was not unintentionally that he had come this way. Why not? he thought, the excitement throbbing at the base of his throat. Why not go back? She should be there yet, if the house still stood; so many had been destroyed. If she were not alone, even if he found her husband there, he could offer an excuse for stopping, and meanwhile he would see her again and their eyes would meet in secret knowledge, in exquisite play. And if she were still alone—

(Continued on page 51)

that old memories of my wife keep popping in and I . . ."

"Oh, yes," she said, dropping her bare leg. "Of course."

I laid some knives and forks in the drainer, turned the hot water on them and looked at her with what I hoped was intense expectation.

"Red leaves," she said, drifting into reverie again. "The sweet smell of clean wind. Bonfires. Football weather we used to call it." Lifting a tiny palm, she placed it precisely between her spangled breasts. "It gets you . . . here."

"Isn't *that* the truth," I said, lost in my own memories. "Brings back some of my fondest moments." A bicker of impatience crossed her face, but she went on. "Then," she said with a sigh, "you meet *him*."

"Him?"

"Your lover, the stuff of your dreams, sauntering casually across the campus wearing a cocky smile and a fraternity ring."

"Indecent," I grinned. "Mine at least had on a cashmere sweater and skirt."

"And your first date," she said, glancing at me sharply and then pressing on, "is a marvy canyon frat party."

"Naturally," I said, pulling a coffee cup from the soapy water. "What else in autumn?"

Her voice took on a soft, poetic singsong. "The night is cold as an icicle's tinkle, and the sharp lights from the stars prick at your eyes like frozen pins while the warmth of your bodies keep the sleeping bag snuggly.

"Thoughtful," I said, "if you can get away with it. We only had a blanket." That one reached her, because her skin began to bronze again. "I'll never forget," she said quickly, "the blended voices lifted in song around the camp fires and the gurgling of the nearby stream as he kissed me."

"Damned if that isn't the way it was," I said, "even if it does smack of a TV commercial. Why I can even remember. ." I stopped because I could see her little face twisting in anger and impatience. I muttered a "sorry," and began to scrub vigorously on the frying pan to cover my embarrassment.

"Unfortunately," she said, "all good times must have a stop." She had such a mournful note in her voice that I looked up to see her sadly shaking her head and rocking miserably back and forth on the ledge.

"You got—married," I ventured, forcing it out.

She nodded. "And moved to a tract. It's a *thing* the Martians have, an endless maze of concrete and electricity, martini parties and coffee klatches." She looked up. "*You* know."

Now *I* nodded. It was growing dark rapidly, and I risked a trip to the light switch, snapped it on and rushed back to the sink. She was still there, perched on the window ledge like a Barbee doll seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Her bikini glittered and blinked in the light.

"Oh, I tried hard enough at first," she said. "Believe me. But I just wasn't able to satisfy him."

"I find that most difficult to believe," I said, groping in the soapy water for an elusive spoon.

She looked at me, trying bravely to smile. "I knew *you'd* understand, but. ." She turned sad again. "There were the little things, like pet expressions of mine that began to bother him. It was really marvy the way he used to wince." Her head drooped. "I guess there were just too many of them."

"Expressions?"

She smiled tolerantly. "Women. Martian tract women bored with children, dishes, coffee, coming across the lawns at twilight for the martinis and the barbecues, standing around sipping and inspecting the men, waiting ever so politely and conversationally for the switching hour."

"Come again?"

"*You* know." She frowned patiently at my slowness.

"Ohhh," I said as comprehension dawned.

She nodded and indicated with a brief smile that I had caught on correctly. "It starts about eleven when the scotch and bourbon are low and everybody's looking around for something to substitute for it. Then the sneaking away starts. One minute you're standing beside your husband wrapped in a soft and prickly glow, and the next, the neighbor is swaying uncertainly in front of you suggesting you come over and listen to his hi fi."

"And?" I said, perhaps too eagerly.

Her tiny blue eyes blazed. "And you go to bed," she said, adding emphatically, "alone!"

"Isn't *that* the truth," I said, letting the water out of the sink.

There was a long silence, and I worriedly leaned forward to look at her closely. She was bent almost double over the window ledge and her smooth back, about the size of my thumb pad, shivered in a long sigh. I thought I heard a sob but couldn't be sure with the water running down the drain.

Suddenly she sat up, her head skimming my nose. "Don't you worry," she said brightly. "It'll be all over soon."

I withdrew hastily to the end of the sink and pulled the dishtowel off the rack. "Just what," I said, starting to dry the silverware, "will be over?"

"Your domestic problem," she said, now quite cheerful. "That's why I'm here."

"You're here," I said sternly, "because you're a figomag, and we agreed to leave my wife out of it."

A tiny tear welled up in one of her eyes. I considered offering her the dishtowel, but she blinked and the tear dropped into the sink. Her lips quivered. "I thought you liked me."

"Oh, I do, I do," I said. "Immensely."

"Then you'll let me finish?"

"By all means," I assured her. "Just leave my wife out of it."

She nodded understandingly. "Well," she said, taking a deep breath to get control of herself, "I tried a number of things to keep my mind off him—bowling, movies, escapist literature, you know—science fiction. Some of that is marvy."

"Yes," I said, depositing several dried forks in the utensil drawer. "I've been reading a lot of it myself lately."

"Didn't help," she said. "Nothing helped."

"Couldn't you confront him with it? Threaten him?"

She looked at me almost pityingly. "With what?" she said. "Exposure? Divorce? He'd have thought that was marv—" She saw I was about to wince and changed it. "He couldn't have cared less. *I* was the one in love. The very thought of him with another woman was enough to throw me into a rage."

"Isn't *that* the truth," I said.

She winced. "So naturally, I had to kill him."

My involuntary jerk brought a touch of scorn to her eyes, but she raised them quickly to the ceiling. "For those of us who truly love," she said in a vibrant voice, "there is only one reply to infidelity." She waited, holding her classic pose, head thrown back, tiny fingers gripping the window ledge.

"All right," I said finally. "Let's hear the details."

She relaxed immediately and gave me one of her nice smiles. "Well," she said, adjusting her bikini like a swimmer sitting on the edge of a high-dive board, "being a rather ingenious, imaginative type, I dreamed up the idea while washing dishes one night of running a concealed wire from the light switch to the sink. When he came home from his lechery at the neighbors I was going to tell him I'd seen a tiny man from Earth on the window ledge and would he please examine it. Knowing my imagination, he would laughingly go along, bend over the sink to inspect the ledge and—whoof!"

"Whoof?" I shuddered.

"Of course, whoof," she said, growing impatient again. "I'd flick on the light and he'd be electrocuted."

"Hmmm," I said.

She was getting herself worked up again at my apparent lack of enthusiasm, and I couldn't refrain from reaching down and patting her head in an effort to pacify her.

(Continued on page 51)

SAY CHEESEcake

England's green and pleasant gardens are looking up considerably these days with a home devoted to cheesecake.

Free from the distractions of curious onlookers, top amateur and professional cameramen with their gorgeous

EVERYTHING was almost perfect. This model, relaxed, responsive to the photographer's direction was, of course, lovely as she posed nude against a serene background of sea and sand. His own face a study in concentration, the photographer raised his dependable 35mm single-lens reflex and visualized this shot as a full color fold-out in a national men's magazine. But just as his finger was about to press the shutter release, distant shouts broke through the tranquil mood he and his model had worked so hard to attain. Not again, he thought resignedly as he lowered the camera and turned around. Three boys in their early teens were running up the beach, laughing and howling. The model, now modestly covered by a neck-to-knees terry cloth robe, stood alongside him. "Well," she smiled, "it's getting near lunchtime anyway."

A potentially fine photograph had been spoiled by the type of awkward (and expensive in terms of time and money) interruption with which all professional glamour photographers are familiar. A public beach is only a *public* beach and a wooded area or apparently deserted lakeside may suddenly have its own population explosion, mostly male, the instant a glamour photographer is seen in company with a lovely model. Getting up early in the morning does not necessarily solve the problem of finding out-of-doors privacy. Picnickers, hunters, fishermen, campers, hikers, nature-lovers, bird watchers, peeping toms and the local gendarmes get up early, too. And the dawn's early light does not have the special quality that assures good photographs, especially if the lensman is using the color films that produce the excellent and professional looking glamour shots that are in such tremendous demand by today's discerning reading public.

The photographer, it is true, can work indoors and still achieve fine results. In his home or studio (if he can afford one) the photographer can work in privacy, undisturbed by the prying curiosities of those who might be strolling by. But limiting himself to the confines of the indoors can have serious disadvantages too. His imagination tends to become restricted, and he cannot employ his model to the greatest advantage since her particular type of beauty may call for the color of trees, flowers or the primitive setting of rocky hills as a complement or contrast. The sameness of his photographs will not escape the critical eyes of magazine editors and the public.

One frustrated lensman was heard to say, "I wish I could find a place with some seclusion without having to go to Antarctica." Even Antarctica would not solve his problem; he would undoubtably have a fascinated audience of penguins, polar bears and blubber-chewing Eskimos. (And a model frozen to a lovely shade of blue.)

The photographers of London need not go to such extremes to gain freedom from interruption. They are extremely fortunate in that they have a champion in Mrs. Doris Clifford of Elstree, a quiet, serene village just a few miles beyond the northernmost suburbs of that most un-private of England's cities. She has opened her estate, Ewhurst, to all photographers, both amateurs and professionals, for a very nominal fee. They and their models can relax, free of distractions and interruption from the curious public.

All the advantages of both outdoor settings and an indoor studio are combined at Ewhurst. The lensmen have the unrestricted use of a beautiful 18th-Century manor house and three acres of landscaped gardens, with lawns, softly-shaded arbors,

models wander freely throughout a large estate to find the perfect setting for their photographic studies.

flower-bordered walks and quiet woodland. In addition to these undreamed of "working" conditions Mrs. Clifford serves lunch and afternoon tea to the photographer and his model.

The transformation of Ewhurst into a haven for lensmen came about purely by chance. Mrs. Clifford's husband is a sweater manufacturer who wanted some advertising photos made. Invited to work at the Ewhurst estate, the photographer was so impressed that he asked permission to work there on several occasions. Word soon spread about the advantages of working at the Ewhursts' and their phone was ringing all the time, with hopeful photographers calling from crowded London asking permission to use the manor and grounds for a "studio." Mrs. Clifford decided to open the gates wide and charge a small fee. They soon became accustomed to the intent young lensmen who swarmed about the house and grounds, snapping hundreds of photographs of their pretty models who might be sitting on the lawn in a bikini, peeping from behind a stately oak tree or simply relaxing during a break, smoking a cigarette in the drawing room while the photographer puts fresh film in his trusted camera.

All of the top glamour photographers of London travel to Ewhurst, which is only an hour's drive by car and is easily reached by train. Several American lensmen, like Earl Leaf and Irv Carsten, have also visited the estate. They know of no similar place anywhere in the U.S.

Perhaps the newcomer to glamour photography gains the most from the Ewhurst arrangement. Unsure of himself under almost any circumstances, he can work un-selfconsciously at Ewhurst, with both himself and his model free of tension and the need to hurry before the spectators begin dropping from nowhere. And since photographers "talk shop" like the members of any other profession, the amateur has at hand any number of teachers. At lunch and at tea time all he need do is listen and ask a few well-placed questions. Later, he can watch "pros" at work as they put into practice their skills in directing models into just the right pose for that truly professional shot that made them famous.

There are advantages for all in the informality of lunch and four o'clock tea. Although all is "strictly business" during working hours, (no thrill-seekers are admitted to Ewhurst) the inevitable occurs when sophisticated young men and glamourous women meet in a social situation. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford now own and operate the swingingest estate in all of Merry Old England.

It should also be noted here that with the present high taxes in England, the leasing of one's estate or the raising of money through tours are common practices. It is the only manner in which the glorious manors can survive.

Perhaps, the Cliffords have found the perfect combination of making money and art.

If you're planning a European tour this year and England is included in your itinerary, it might be nice to drop in on the Cliffords at Ewhurst. Don't forget, however, to bring a camera and a model. It's not a teahouse or a lonely-hearts club by any means.

A final word of caution. We suggest that you save your trip to Ewhurst for the very last part of your tour before returning home. You certainly wouldn't want to spend the two-month vacation you have wandering around an old English estate. Or would you now? □

"It's quite a job waking him in the morning."

Figomag *(Continued from page 45)*

She smiled at this gesture and shivered with unconcealed delight. Her head, which was about the size of a pencil eraser, rubbed lovingly against the grooves in my fingerprint.

"Most ingenious," I said soothingly. "Did it work?"

"I'll never know," she said regretfully. "The war beat me to it."

"The war?"

"Just set them off," she said with a slight shudder, "and they mushroom out. If the light doesn't blind you and the blast doesn't blow you apart, the radioactivity slowly eats you to death. It's all very marvy."

"You mean Mars had a nuclear war?" I said, feeling somewhat uneasy. "I hadn't counted on that."

"Neither had I," she said. Killed off 90 percent of the men. My husband was one of them."

"And the women?"

"Evacuated to the shelters with the children before the cities were hit. There just wasn't room for the men."

"Most unlikely," I said. "Chivalry at such a time."

"Isn't it," she agreed. "But there it was, and of course, the women had to find men."

"Still," I said, reconsidering. "When the *Titanic* went down there were some surprisingly cour—" I stopped wiping the blade of the butter knife and looked at her. "Find men?"

She was staring at me, both her pale blue eyes spinning like toy bicycle wheels. Then, soft as a shadow, she leaped to my shoulder, and her voice, now warm and passionate, was in my ear. "For you," she murmured, "I'll be a dream wife."

"Wife!" I exclaimed incredulously. "Why, ten of you would fit in the palm of my hand."

Her laughter tickled my ear lobe rather enticingly. "Silly," she giggled. "I'm not *always* this size. I can switch anytime. It's quite marvy."

I tried to see her out of the corner of my eye, but she was perched in too close to my head.

"Just imagine the fun we'll have," she purred softly, "once your wife is gone."

"Gone?"

"The way of all flesh," she said, blowing playfully into my ear. "Like the others."

"Hmmm," I said, imagining. Then suddenly my skin tingled. "Others?" I said warily.

"You don't think I'm the only woman on Mars who needs a man do you?"

I felt my neck hairs bristling in alarm. "You're a figomag," I said angrily, carefully cupping my palm. "And you've gotten way out of hand."

She smothered another laugh against my ear lobe. "Isn't *that* the truth," she said.

I snatched desperately at my ear, but she had already darted in, her tinkling laugh echoing cavernously, growing fainter and fainter.

By the time my wife came home, I had the wire carefully laid and the kitchen lights off. She asked me what I was doing sitting in the dark. I told her I'd seen a little Martian woman in a bikini and asked her if she'd examine the window ledge. She sighed as if I were hopeless and moved to the sink. "How many times must I tell you," she said irritably, running her hand along the ledge, "these things are all in your head?"

"Isn't it marvy?" I said, flipping the light switch. □

Aftermath *(Continued from page 44)*

He jogged on through the town and ravaged land, not at all concerned with his responsibility for it. It had been war, after all, and war, said one of our generals, is hell. The Union forces had acted on the information he'd brought back, smashing through the Rebels and decimating thousands of them. Blackened skeletons of barns and homes, piles of debris still showed the force of that savage sweep. Around the bend stood the house. The grounds and drive were tended, the curtains fresh, and once more it seemed a sedate retreat. She opened the door to the rap of the brass. They stared at each other. He had not seen her in daylight before. She seemed the same person, but harder, more matter-of-fact; there were fine lines under her dark eyes, but otherwise her skin bore the light. She was still the beauty he remembered, but real now, not dream-like. He felt a stirring, a slow throb in his blood. It was the same as before. She stepped back and he entered and closed the door silently behind him.

"I knew you'd come back," she said with a tight smile.

"We both knew," he said.

"No one is hunting you this time."

"No. Are you alone?" he asked bluntly.

Her lips parted. "Yes, alone."

"Your husband?"

"In town."

"Have we time?"

"You're taking me for granted," she said.

"You're right. I often think of that night. Stolen joy, but joy. We have perhaps two hours."

She took him to her room again, and it was as remembered, but more, more with the years of dreaming and of wanting. This had been a pleasant vapor in the mind; now it was straining breaths and demanding, compulsive bodies and beauty that could be seen and touched.

It was a difficult thing that time passed, and difficult to part again, but part they must—over two hours had gone.

"Perhaps—another time," she said, the secret shadows in her eyes.

"I'll see to that," he answered, and left.

But he had barely cleared the driveway when he noted the man on horseback approaching. Possibly the husband, he thought. What did it matter? This man would learn nothing.

As they rode towards each other, his glance was curious. Cuckold, he thought, brave dull man who can't satisfy that perfect delight of a woman, what do you look like?

When they were close enough, the recognition was instantaneous, and they both drew rein like figures controlled by strings. He knew this man, the Yankee was thinking. He knew him intimately. They had fought once. He had an image of a Rebel officer pounding through the night, death in his face, and it seemed that the two years had never passed.

It did not seem strange that the man drew a pistol. The Southerner's face was blank, eyes remote, as though he too were looking into the past, as though contemplating an unfinished business.

At last the Yankee knew that he must end the spell. "Put away your weapon, sir!" he said sharply. "We are no longer at war."

The other man's face remained stony. "It was you who did it." His voice was flat, mechanical. "Broke us, spoiled our land, took our lives. It was your spying, Yankee."

The Yankee heard the shot and with amazement watched the other man's face soften and acquire awareness. Then he was conscious only of his rapidly fading life.

The Southerner walked into his house, pistol in hand, and his wife shrank, puzzled fear-shadows in her eyes. But he noticed nothing. "God forgive me." His voice was slow with pain. "I had no right to kill him. He was a soldier, only doing his duty, and the war is finished. What possessed me? Why did we meet again? What was he doing here?" The question was dull, incurious.

With a long breath of relief and comprehension, the woman answered, "He stopped to ask his way."

"I had no right to kill him," the man repeated in an agony of remorse.

A certain calm passed over the woman's face. She turned inscrutable. Her voice came light and brittle. "Don't feel that way, Clayton. You had *every* right." □

NELSON ALGREN:

WRITER ON THE WILD SIDE

ABOUT a year ago Columbia Pictures released *A Walk on the Wild Side* the tawdry saga of sex written by the American novelist, Nelson Algren. The film—starring Laurence Harvey, the French actress Capucine, Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Baxter and Jane Fonda—depicts depraved vice in New Orleans during the 1930's. The studio ads gently warned: "Parents should exercise discretion in permitting the immature to see it."

During a typical scene in the movie, a bored Capucine snaps at Barbara Stanwyck, who portrays a lesbian keeper of a plush New Orleans whorehouse: "I want to sit and drink with a man—not with *you!*" Which is Barbara's cue to gasp: "You're being perverse!"

This is the type of character Algren writes about.

But what's happened to Algren and why he hasn't written more novels in the past serveral years is a deep mystery. He is a lusty writer, such as the late Ernest Hemingway, who said of Algren's style: "This is a *man* writing . . . Mr. Algren can hit with both hands and move around, and he will kill you if you're not awfully careful. Mr. Algren, boy, you are good!"

If you have read Nelson Algren's picaresque novels of flophouse phantoms, pugs, hop-heads and prostitutes—and if you've ever had the good luck to sit down and talk freely with him, there would be no doubt left in your mind that this poet-laureate of the slums has an amazingly clear comprehension of, and moving compassion for, the discarded and depraved members of society who skulk furtively in the surrealistic squalor of a city's skid row.

It has been over seven years since Algren's last novel was published—*A Walk on the Wild Side* (1956)—and in the time pattern for delivery of the manuscripts to his publisher, a new one should have been forthcoming in the spring of 1959, or before. But Algren hasn't produced, and his considerable number of followers are wondering why.

Basically, Algren is concerned in his writings with human life on lower levels. His *The Man with the Golden Arm*, compassionately explored drug addiction winning the National Book Award as the outstanding novel of 1949. *The Neon Wilderness*, a collection of Gorky-inspired short stories, and his survey of the city of his birth, *Chicago, City on the Make*, established him even more solidly as a champion of the underdog, the prostitute and the shambling human wrecks of the American slums who, Algren maintained, had greater love for their fellow men than those "who lived uptown."

A Walk on the Wild Side has as its principal character Dove Linkhorn, a young hobo and grifter, who supports himself by working in a New Orleans contraceptive factory run by a sleazy ex-abortionist. Dove finally becomes an ill-fated pimp for his favorite floozie. This novel established Algren as a gutty "O'Henry of skid row," who believed implicitly that human virtues flowered more colorfully in a squalid setting among the lost and the degenerate.

Algren spoke his piece about what he thought of the writers, publishers and critics, who in 1956 were making an attempt to put novel-writing on a loftier plane. They had been warned by church and civic groups that, unless pornography stopped flowing into the bookshops, they would be forced to take the censorship offensive.

He said: (after being informed that *Marjorie Morningstar* was considered an acceptable book by the self-appointed reformers) "I have nothing against Mr. Wouk. (Herman "Caine Mutiny" Wouk) it's simply the matter of him being built up because he shows respect for the so-called hallowed institutions. . . . Good novelists better leave the hallowing of sacred institutions to people such as missionaries and reformers, who get paid to hallow them! . . . If Marjorie Morningstar and The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit had decided to get married on my front porch at high noon, I wouldn't have even glanced out my window to see how the wedding was coming along!"

Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side* was difficult to market. He had to find a new publisher, switching from Doubleday to Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. And when it was eventually published, the reviews of the critics weren't kind. The novel estranged many of his faithful readers, some of whom felt that his sympathy for the down-trodden and the defeated had gone beyond the bounds of understanding, almost to the brink of grotesqueness and absurdity. The concensus seemed to be that he was still pathologically obsessed with brutal situations involving violent people—the whores, hobos, pimps and sex maniacs; the con-men, tipsters, fixers, thieves, bookies and drunks; the hoods, punks, tin-horns, rapists, pugs, bouncers, perverts and junkies—who crawl from underground and shuffle through the shadows often brutalizing others as they go. They are, according to Algren, only reacting to the harsh quarantine imposed on them by a squeamish society.

Some critics have gone so far as to say that his books did not contain much realism, and that his seamy-side-of-life people were basically repulsive caricatures. His talent as a writer, they said, was that of an outraged surrealist who refuses to look deeper for his characters' motivations, but with the typical astigmatism of the fanatical crusader, blames an indifferent society for these human eye-sores; that he was not honestly interested in degraded people, but in freaks and aberrant behavior. Algren has always defended his writings by stating that he was portraying "lost people," but there has developed a suspicion among critics and readers that he did not have much sympathy for them as human beings. Spitting back contemptuously Algren said: "They like to think that virtue and social status go hand-in-hand!"

Algren implies that the disfigurements of body, mind and soul suffered by his slum-chums symbolize society's cruelties.

Algren has known poverty and hunger he's been an unhappy vagrant, has ridden the rods across the length and breadth of the United States, been shagged by railroad dicks, and told to "move on!" by the police in respectable communities. He's "pearl-dived" in the greasy kitchens of cheap restaurants, stevedored on the docks, dug ditches, stood in queues outside soup-kitchens, bedded down in hobo-jungles and flea-bag flop-houses, pilfered food, haunted bookie-joints and crap-games, chiseled official-passes to attend police lineups, soldiered, been a pitchman for sharpies. He knows first-hand the characters and environment about which he writes.

Algren's development as a writer of prominence did not come quickly or easily. Even now, with money in the bank, the spectre of want defeated, it's hard to say whether or not he really likes writing. He counts no writer among his friends. He said: "Here in America you get to be a writer when there's absolutely nothing else you can do. I mean, I don't know of any American writers who started out to be writers, and then become writers. They just happen to fall into it."

Algren has not established any record for high royalties on his books. The only hard-back novel that sold rather well was *The Man with the Golden Arm*, and the others brought in only a modest income as paper-back reprints. And the double-barreled lambastings by the critics of *A Walk on the Wild Side* minimized revenue from this novel. If it had not been for the movie sales of *The Man with the Golden Arm*, and *A Walk on the Wild Side*, he would still be on the "dole" with his publisher and might be living in a dilapidated Chicago flat, instead of in his own home with his wife. He switched publishers several years ago, from Harper's—who accorded him only the customary advance of $500 on a

book—to Doubleday because, as he succinctly put it: "They have a lot of money." He explains: "So a guy from Doubleday came along and I told him that what I wanted was enough to live on by the week for a year. And he asked me: 'What do you call enough to live on?' and I said: 'Fifty dollars.' Which seemed like a lot to me then. And he said: 'Well, how about *sixty* dollars for *two years?*' That was very generous of them. I was supposed to write *a war novel*, but as it turned out I wrote *The Man with the Golden Arm* for Doubleday."

However, despite the sale of *Golden Arm* and *A Walk* to Hollywood, Algren is not well-disposed toward picture-making and its "geniuses." He was called out there under a salary of $1000 a week to work on the script. He reported for work on Monday and was discharged on Wednesday. He says sardonically: "The guy that hired me was fired in between, on Tuesday, I think."

He later sued United Artists Films and the producer, Otto Preminger for $250,000, as well as Robert Roberts, who had originally obtained the screen rights to the novel, with the specific understanding that Algren would share in the profits. But Roberts disposed of the film rights to Otto Preminger. Algren's chief complaint is that by advertising the movie as "A film by Otto Preminger" the producer diverted credit to himself for the picture's authorship. This damage suit was later settled out of court. "They're a slick crowd out there," Algren admits. "Much slicker than the gangsters of Chicago they used to make films about, with Eddie Robinson and George Raft."

Still, had Algren not made the movie sale, he would still be on advances from his publisher. Even when *Golden Arm* became a success—and while working on another book—he still had to depend on regular hand-outs from Doubleday, which had now been increased to $100 a week. He broke his expenses down as follows: "Of the $400 a month, my agent got forty bucks, I gave my mother a hundred. So on $260 a month, I kept a house, a wife, a cat and a car. But don't underrate the cat. It was my wife's, so it had to have the best liver money could buy—about $25 worth a month."

Algren was able to augment this reduced income with his erratic winnings in $2-limit poker at the twice-weekly sessions held in the basement of a North Michigan Avenue mansion in Chicago. His total pot for that year amounted to about $1000, which took up some of the economic slack—and still assured the cat of its high-quality liver!

Queried as to whether the character of "Frankie Machine" in *Golden Arm* was based on a real person, he replied: "Well, perhaps so. The only connection I can make is . . . well, I was thinking about a war novel, and I had a buddy—little Italian bookie—pretty good dice-shooter, and he always used that phrase that became the book's title. We'd go partners . . . he's a *fairly* good crap-shooter . . . I mean, he's always good for about three passes. And then I'd say, 'Pick it up, Joe, pick it up,' and he'd say, 'Don't worry, *gotta golden arm.*' "

Clarifying the reason for the narcotic addiction theme in *Golden Arm* and his actual meetings with peddlers and dope-addicts, he said: "I'd spent almost two years on the book before I ran into a drug addict . . . I had written the book about a *card-dealer*, but there wasn't any dope angle at all. It crossed my mind once or twice that that would be dramatic as hell, but I didn't know anything about it. I thought it would be better to lay off if you don't *know* . . . My agent said she liked the book and all that, but it needed a peg, it didn't seem to be hung on anything. Then one rainy night I dropped by a Polish guy's place . . . and the first thing I see is a guy standing behind a curtain, I see his arm swinging . . . and somebody said 'Rich is having trouble,' or something like that . . . they would come in and out of the can with little cigar-boxes under their arms, and so Rich asked me: 'You want to see how it's done?' I said, 'Hell, no, I don't want to see how it's done.' I felt . . . well, I have an aversion to needles, anyway; I had it in the Army . . . but I felt, you know, if you want to do it, that's *your* business . . . I see that Rich is on the junk . . . Then I began to feel very dimly that maybe there was something there usable, I thought about it very . . . timidly, and finally I said to the agent: 'You think that, uh . . . do you think it's too sensational?' She said: 'No, use it.' . . . I got the mood of the thing, but I didn't have much time to, you know, do it thoroughly. I know a little bit more about it now, but what I learned, I learned after the book came out. Kind of a shame, but that's how it goes."

Asked why he switched from the war novel to *Golden Arm* for Doubleday, he explained: "Well, if you're going to write a war novel, you have to do it while you're in the war. If you don't do the thing while you're there . . . at least the way I operate . . . you can't do it. It slips away. Two months after the war, it was gone; but I was living in a *living* situation, and . . . I find it pretty hard to write on anything in the past . . . And *Golden Arm* just got more real; I mean, the neighborhood I was living in, and these people were a lot more *real* than the Army was." (The neighborhood was not far from Division Street, in Chicago where Nelson Algren once lived.)

The possibility that some of the real-life counterparts of his *Golden Arm* characters might have resented seeing themselves in his published novel didn't bother Algren. He said: "Oh, no, they didn't get sore or anything. They were just mostly amused by it . . . thought it was a pretty funny way to make a living, case them and then use them in a story. Well, one time, after the book came out, I was sitting in this place, and there were a couple of junkies sitting there, and this one guy was real *proud* of the book, figured he was the actual *Frankie Machine;* he was trying to get this other guy to read it, and finally the other guy said he had *read* it, but he said, 'You know it ain't so, it ain't like that.' He was referring to a part in the book where *Frankie Machine* takes a shot and then gabs for about four pages. The guy says 'You know, it ain't like that, a guy takes a fix and he goes on the nod, I mean, you know that.' And the other guy says, 'Well on the other hand, if he *really* knew what he was talking about, he couldn't write the book, he'd be out in the can.' So the other guy says, "Well, if you mean, is it all right for squares, sure it's all right for squares.' So, you see, you have to compromise on these things."

Algren makes it a point to avoid writers and literary teas, and states his reasons bluntly. "I just have the conviction that other writers can't help you with writing. I've gone to writers' conferences and writers' sessions and writers' clinics, and the more I see of them . . . the more I'm sure it's the wrong direction. It isn't the place where you learn to write. I've always felt that a writer shouldn't be engaged with other writers, or with people who make books, or even with people who read them. I think the further away you get from literary traffic, the closer you are to sources. I mean, a writer doesn't really *live* . . . he observes."

And his *observing* holds to this principle in writing:

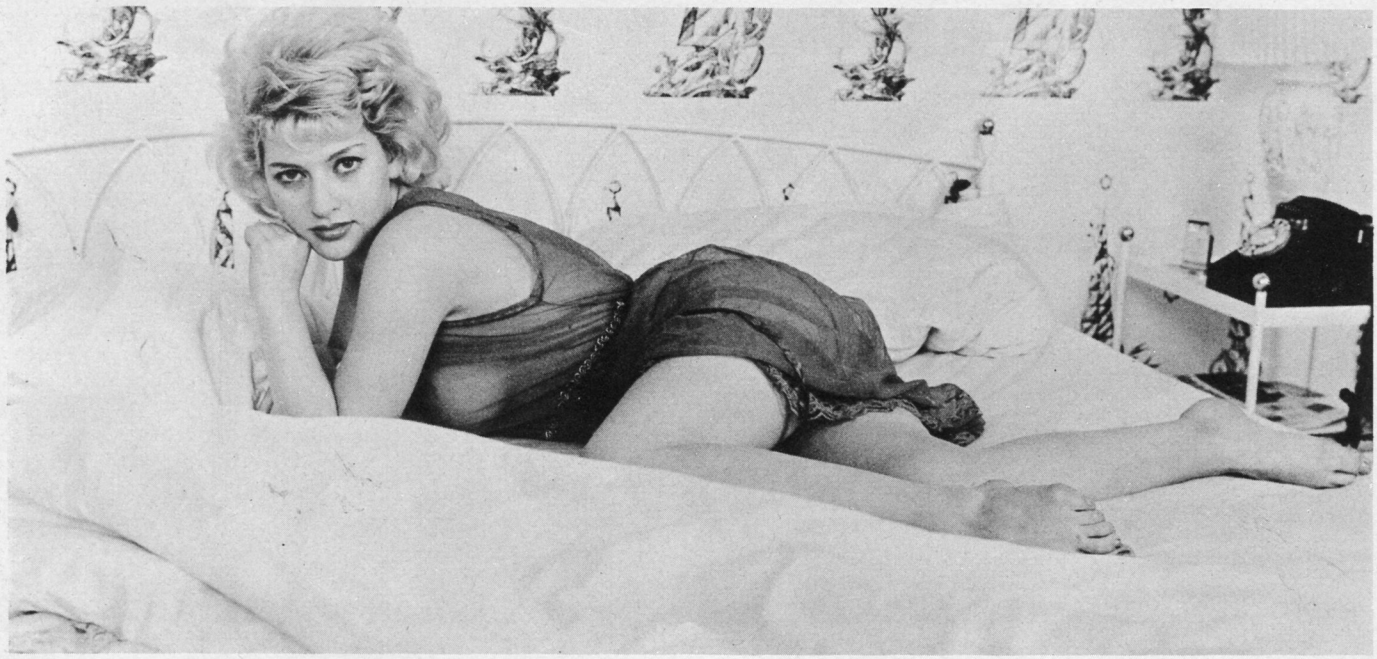
"What I've tried to do is put myself in a position to hear the people I wanted to hear talk. I used the police line-up for I don't know how many years. But that was accidental, too, like that junky deal . . . you don't exactly seek it out, you're there and it dawns on you. I got a newspaper man to loan me his police card, but that was only for one night. But then I finally got rolled. I didn't get myself deliberately rolled; I was just over on the South Side and got rolled, that's all. So they gave *me* a card, you know, to try and identify these jerks in the police line-up, and I used the card for something like seven years. Believe me, I heard a lot of guys talking on that police line-up! But finally they stopped me . . . the card was now ragged

(Continued on page 59)

THE JONES GIRL

The name Jones is quite common in London, but Angela Jones is a decidedly uncommon Londoner. Ed Alexander discovered her at work in an interior decorator's office, and was impressed with Angela's obvious ability to decorate any interior.

Though she has had some night club and TV offers, Angela has decided to continue in her job—for now. "I enjoy my work," she says, "and 'show biz' is so full of girls who want to be actresses. I'll just model a bit now and then, for fun."



Angela's work led her to become interested in objets d'art and she now has a collection that includes a few rarities. Angela herself is a rarity among rarities and would be a fine addition to the art treasures of the most discerning connoisseur.

When not working or adding to her art collection, Angela likes to create her own objets d'art. She paints oils and gives the canvases to her friends. The verdict on her artistic efforts? Well, she still has lots of friends.

as hell, pasted here and there, you could hardly read it . . . the detective at the door stopped me and said, 'What happened, you mean you're still looking for the guys who rolled you?' This, as I say, was about seven years later, and I said, 'Hell, yes, don't forget I lost 14 bucks when I was rolled!' So he let me go in and sit down and listen some more. He knew I was up to something besides trying to see if I could identify a creep who rolled me. Later, when this detective read a short story of mine about police line-ups (in the book *Neon Wilderness*) he laughed and said, 'Hey, Nels, how about a cut on your book, after all I *helped* you get most of the dope.' Oh, I think they knew what I was up to, all right."

As for his method of writing, of "getting an idea," he states: "I depend more on the stomach. I always think of writing as a *physical thing*. I'm not trying to generalize, it just happens to be that way with me . . . Living in a very dense area, you're conscious of how the people underneath live, and you have a certain feeling toward them . . . so much so that you prefer living among them rather than with the business classes. In a historical sense, it might be related to an idea, but you write it out of . . . well, I wouldn't call it indignation, but a kind of *irritability* that these people on top should be so contented, so absolutely unaware of these other people, and so sure that their values are the right ones. I mean, there's a certain satisfaction in recording the people underneath . . . whose values are as sound as theirs, and a lot funnier, and a lot truer in a way. Some people accuse me of making my characters talk *poetically*. I just put down what I hear. For example, I heard a feller, who was just out of jail say: 'I did it from bell to bell.' And another, a young junkie, said to the judge who asked what he did all day: 'Well, Judge, I find myself a doorway to lean against, and I take a fix, and then I lean, I just lean and dream.' They actually say things like that. And it comes out better than any writer could imagine."

You get the impression that Algren is sometimes rankled with the business of writing, that it's confining, demanding, a too cut-and-dried business. He says: "All the time you have to bear in mind that your reader wants to laugh or cry. So a writer has to clown to satisfy the reader. Whereas I'd have a guy walk along the street and fall down on his head, you've got to have him do a double-somersault first, just so you can get a yak out of the reader.

"As for the business angle, the way I operate with publishers is that I live on the future. I take as much money as I can get for as long as I can get it, you know, a year or two years. By the end of that time your credit begins to have holes in it, and . . . well, you've got to deliver the goods. After all, they are businessmen, not angels.

"Under this arrangement you get diverted from a book you really would like to write. I've got a book I've done a lot of work on, spent a few years off-and-on on it, and I still figure I need more time to really get it into shape. I would have finished it long ago, but I had to get out *A Walk on the Wild Side*. Therefore, one gets diverted, hung up, estranged from something that really is important or significant to you.

"So you see, every kind of work has its bad features. But I suppose I'd just as soon write as drive a truck, sell insurance, or be a shoe salesman. Anyway, I don't plan to let writing give me too bad a time, become a pain in the neck, or start making me neurotic or pompous. I don't want to delude myself, like a lot of writers I know, who think they have the *only* message for humanity

"As long as it serves a purpose, and gives me a measure of satisfaction, okay . . . I mean, writing will have to deliver more than just three squares a day and a little liver for my wife's pampered bitchy cat.

"I want to feel that I'm building to something."

However, regardless of Algren's pessimistic reflections on the drudgery of writing, its wobbly standard in America, and the uncertain compensation in the form of hard dollars, the fact remains that literary endeavor was the *modus operandi* which brought about the significant meeting between him and the handsome French authoress Simone de Beauvoir. Simone, the mistress of Jean-Paul Sartre, arrived in America in 1947 under the sponsorship of a French cultural group, to make a critical leftist-existentialist observation of the American Way of Life. A friend had briefed her on Algren, saying that he was an interesting writer with "positive convictions about social injustices," so she looked him up. And from her alleged affair with him she obtained material for the American sequence of her novel *The Mandarins*, which she dedicated to him. The book was published in the spring of 1956, coincidentally at the same time as his *A Walk on the Wild Side*, and won the important *Prix Goncourt* of the Goncourt Academy.

Anne, the heroine of *The Mandarins*, has her survey of the United States sponsored by a French committee and comes to Chicago to meet an Algren-type writer by the name of Lewis Brogan. Anne's remark about Brogan, on first impression, hints at the torrid love-affair to follow: "... but when Brogan opened his jacket revealing his worn sweater, when he closed it again, I felt a reassuring presence next to me of a body which could be warm or cold, a *living* body."

Later the prose grows more torrid. "He was naked, I was naked, and I felt no constraint . . . His desire transformed me. I who for so long a time had been without taste, without form, again possessed breasts, a belly, a sex, flesh; I was as nourished as bread, as fragrant as earth . . ."

Presumably Algren soon tired of Anne's, or Simone's, possessiveness, and they parted. But Simone got her revenge as only a scorned woman writer could in *The Mandarins*.

When Algren learned that *The Mandarins* had been dedicated to him, and read, with growing fury, the parts which left no doubts in the minds of readers here and abroad that "Lewis Brogan" just *had* to be Nelson Algren, he snorted contemptuously:

"A good novelist ought to have enough to write about without digging up her own private garden! For me, it was just a routine relationship, and she's blown it up!"

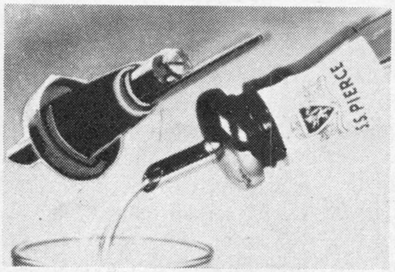
Regardless of the amount of time Algren devoted to Simone during her stay in America, the fact remains that he has devoted precious little to the business of tacking words on paper. His latest diversion from the admittedly arduous process of writing, is talking. Teaming up with comedian Lenny Bruce for a series of "talk" concerts, he debuted in San Francisco last fall.

Once again, it appears, he has placed himself right smack in the thick of things. When they played a military camp in Honolulu, for instance, Bruce's material was so blue that the club manager turned the mike off, considering certain words were just *too* obscene, even for GI's. And later on in Los Angeles, police arrested Bruce (along with Bob Coogan, brother of actor Jackie Coogan) on charges of possessing narcotics.

Perhaps some men are born to live in the turbulent world of the emotions. As Algren himself has said, "A common tie unites the strangler of a child, the creative artist, the classic eroticist and the murderer of fiction." Perhaps Algren's methods are his only means of producing the vividly realistic fiction that has made him famous.

In any case, though, many of Nelson Algren's readers wish he'd spend more time at the typewriter, rather than talking, loving, playing poker or drifting through the skid-rows and flophouses of the United States.

Besides, that cat must be running low on liver by now. □



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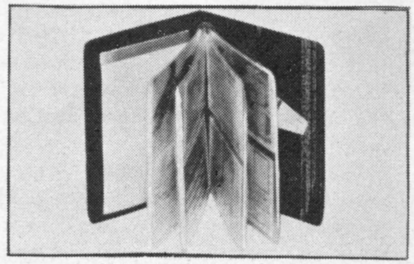

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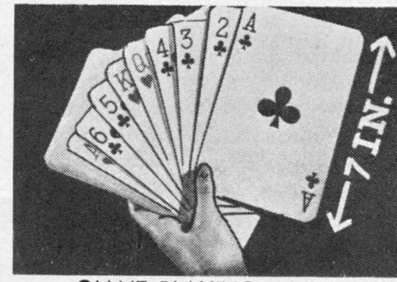

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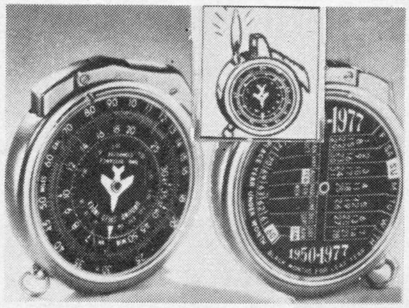

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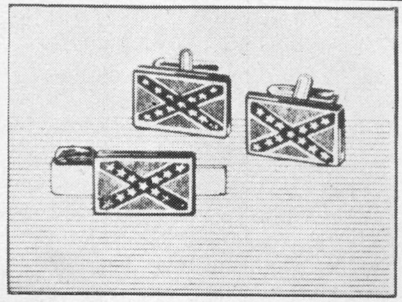

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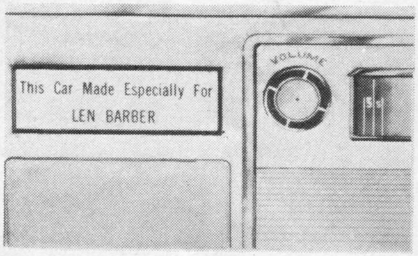

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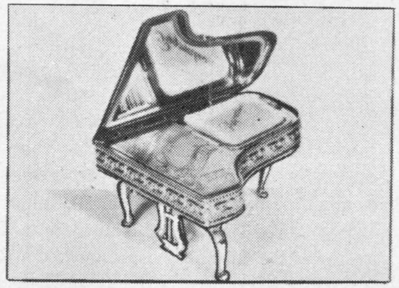

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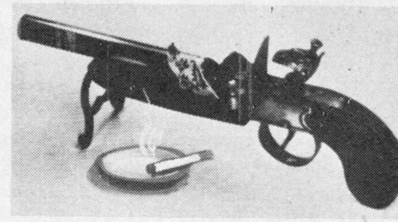

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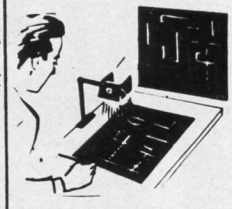

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"So month after month Bunnie's doing re-writes like a mad fool *y'know, and suddenly in the middle of the seventh draft it hits him like POW —boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets boy!!"*

The Firing Line

BRAWL OVER BRAWLER CLAY

Congratulations! It's about time somebody wrote a fair and objective article on the man who is without a doubt the greatest fighter of the century. Your story on Cassius Clay in the May CAPER was superb. If anyone can lift boxing out of the dull mediocrity that it's now in, Clay can do it. *Of course* he talks big; he is big. Let's welcome a new king to the ring.

Al Jones
Lansing, Mich.

What a stupid waste of space! Couldn't you jokers find a better use for your pages then as a sounding-board for the most obnoxious personality in boxing? Cancel my subscription.

Nemo Edwards
Rockaway, New Jersey

☐ *Sorry, Nem. We checked our records, and your subscription expired two months ago.*

Thanks for the article on Clay. I hope to see another one when he clobbers Liston.

Thomas Riley
Oakland, Calif.

I say the "Louisville Lip" ought to keep it buttoned, before Liston decides to take him over his knee and spank him. Like any fresh kid, Clay would deserve it.

Frank Potts
Bridgeport, Conn.

Personally, I think Johannsen will be the champion again.

Oscar Barringer
Seaside Park, Florida

☐ *The champion what?*

SOME CHEESY COMMENTS

Now fellas, *that's* what I call pastry. ("Cheesecake Unlimited, Ltd.," CAPER, May) That's the kind of goodies I like, so keep 'em coming. By the way, who's the blond cutie on the top of page 7? She's a real swinger. Tell her I'm prepared to give her a mink coat if she'll date me.

Robert Clyde
Winslow, Arizona

☐ *Her name is Priscilla Papick, and she didn't bat an eyelash when we told her of your offer. Said she, "Sorry, I'm overstocked on minks."*

I am a psychology student and plan to do my doctoral dissertation on "The Psychological Motivations of Cheesecake Models," and would appreciate your sending me the phone numbers and addresses of the models in your last issue (May). I am going to do my post-graduate studying in England and would find it most convenient to have several subjects available for testing and examination purposes.

Henderson Feeney
Irvington, New Jersey

☐ *Go shuffle your Rorschachs, Doc. You fancy Freudian quacks are all alike.*

OUR FABULOUS FICTION . . .

Congratulations on "The Specialist" in the May issue. I have never read such a suspenseful story. I felt as if I were there, squinting through the hero's telescopic gunsight.

Arnold Tendler
Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . AND SOME CONTROVERSIAL ARTICLES

In his article "And Now a Word From . . ." in the May issue, Mr. Coyle forgot the cute-little-kiddie pitchmen who con my kids into buying enough candy, cake and soda to rot all the teeth in their heads by the time they're ten years old.

Evan Daniels
Keokuk, Iowa

Your vile magazine has reached a new low in its advocation of gambling. Naked women, dirty stories and articles and now you want to legalize gambling. What next?

Harold Summers
Oswego, N.Y.

☐ *If we told you, it would spoil the surprise.*

If Roland Paige likes junk mail so damned much, ("Jewels Among the Junk," May) I'll be glad to wrap all that I get into a nice neat bundle and send it to him, postage paid, of course.

Cliff Johanssen
Butte, Montana

☐ *Make sure it's in a plain wrapper, Cliff.*

THE OLDEST PROFESSION

Listen, you dumb apes. Where do you come off being so moralistic? ("The New Look in Prostitution," May) We streetwalkers are just making a living like anyone else. So don't come on so high and mighty about what a "low class" we are. Do you mean to tell me *your* magazines represent "class?"

Leola Smith
N.Y.C.

☐ *No, but then we only charge half a buck.*

Thank you very much for your authoritative article on prostitution. I am gratified that a magazine of your rather smutty tastes has finally printed an article which exposes the prostitute for just what she is: a vile, filthy creature who spreads disease and perversion and drains the paychecks of hard-working men.

Mrs. Flossie Mae, Chairwoman
Women's Anti-Vice League
Mountain Bluffs, N.C.

☐ *You're right, Mrs. Mae. Considering the disease and perversion, the price is entirely too high.*

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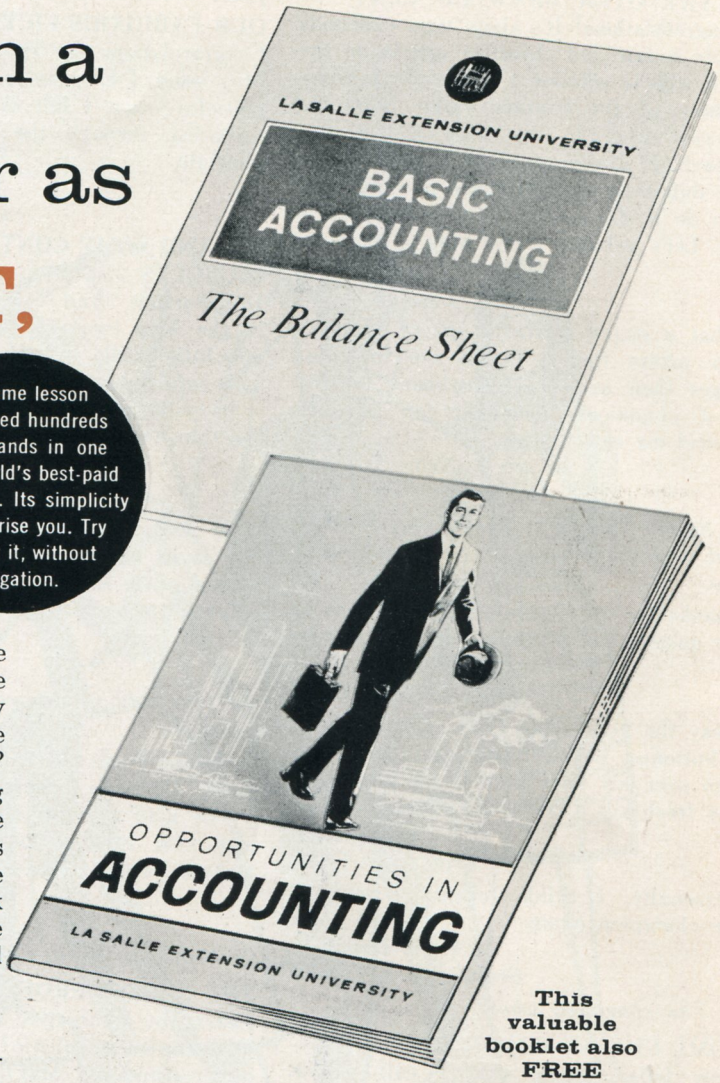

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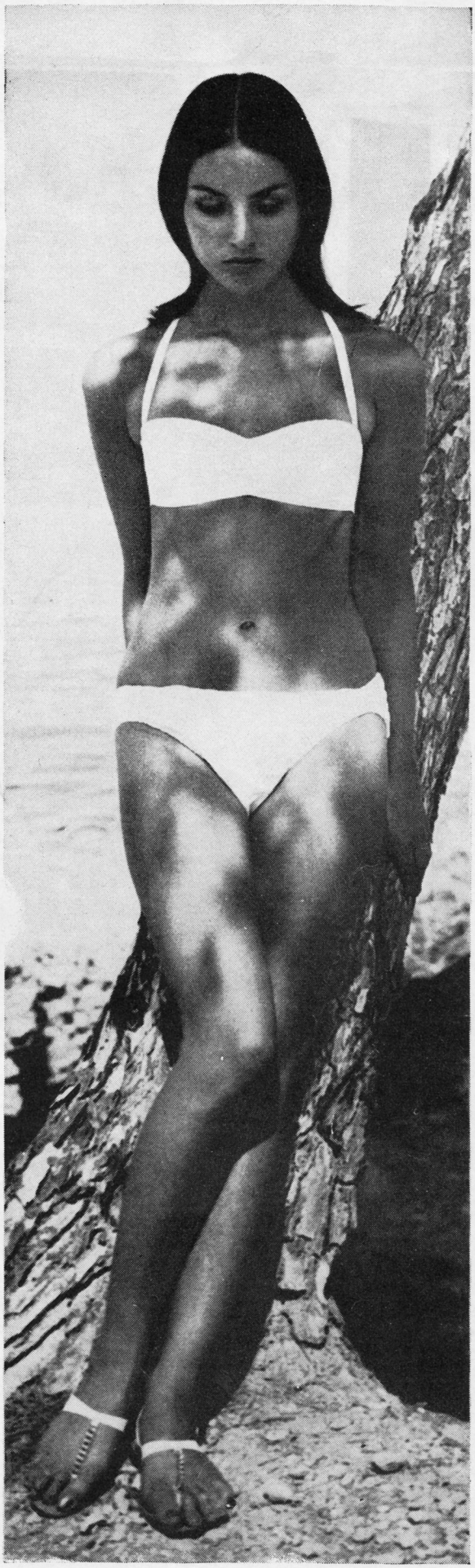

The New York Times described Islands in the Sun Club as "a service for non-conformist travelers and the armchair tourist." Members describe it as "kookie," "out of this world," and "the only club anywhere with a sense of humor." Each month we issue an exclusive 32-page report on an exotic, get-away-from-it-all island. Because our special reporters call them as they see them, you will find the reports honest, chatty, personal, illustrated, up-to-date, complete: How to get there, who and what you will find there, what to buy there (from baubles to land), where to dance and lounge there, etc., etc., etc. Among the islands covered to date: Cozumel, Tahiti-Moorea, Puerta Vallarta, Ibiza, Anguilla, Ischia. We are confident you too will agree that there's nothing quite like Islands in the Sun Club. Welcome aboard!

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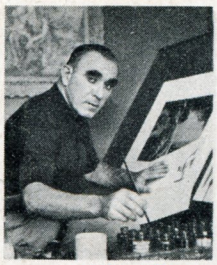
*America's 12 Most Famous Artists


Albert Dorne

Norman Rockwell

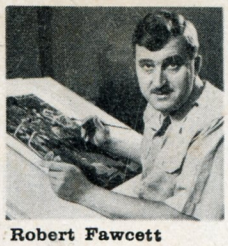
Al Parker

Jon Whitcomb

Austin Briggs

Ben Stahl

Fred Ludekens


Robert Fawcett

Harold Von Schmidt

George Giusti

Peter Helck

Stevan Dohanos

*We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

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Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four year ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to $100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Mail coupon today.

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